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WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN

Wilson Mrs Richard Oct92

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JANUARY . . . General Summary.	JULY, Indians, Chinese and Japanese in America
FEBRUARY . . . . . China.	AUGUST . . . . Papal Europe.
MARCH . . . Mexico and Guatemala.	SEPTEMBER . . . Japan and Korea.
APRIL . . . . . India.	OCTOBER . . . . . Persia.
MAY . . . . . Siam and Laos.	NOVEMBER . . . . South America.
JUNE . . . . . Africa.	DECEMBER . . . . . Syria.

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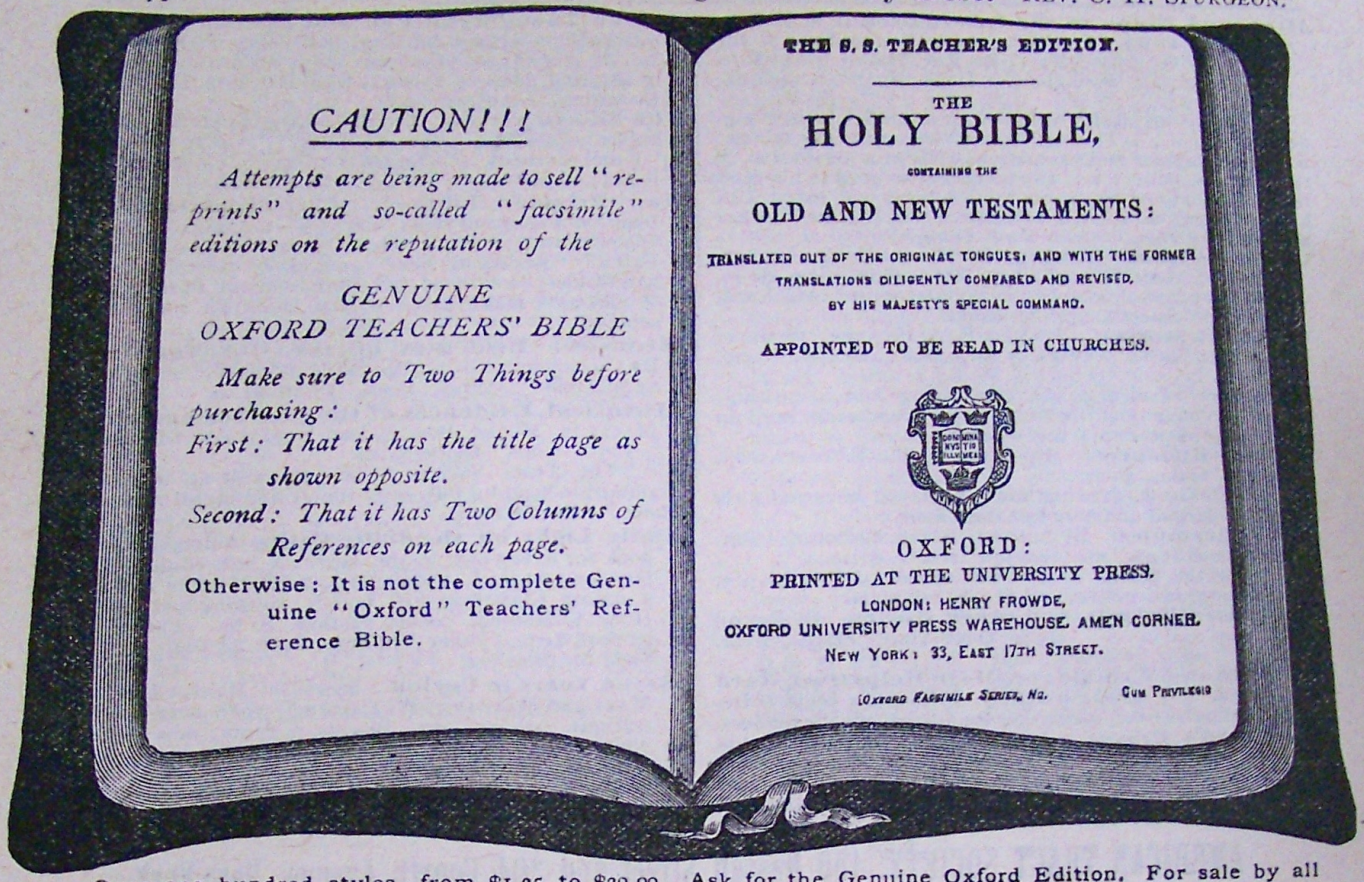
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WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN.

VOL. VII. JANUARY, 1892. NO. 1.

TOTAL receipts of the Board of Foreign Missions were, on December 1, $8,980.82 behind the figures of last year at the same time. Contributions of the Woman's Boards in seven months have amounted to $75,674.81, or only about one-fourth the sum which will be expected from them by next April. Of course, it is all coming, but it would ease the machinery very much if a larger proportion came in the first half of the year.

APART from the suggestiveness in the article about the Jews, which appears upon another page, it contains a sad interest for us. A friend, while in Berlin last spring, secured the promise of this contribution from a gifted young man, who, while pursuing his studies in that city, was also active in mission work among the Jews. Nothing, however, was known about the paper, at this office, until it was lately received, unfinished, as the author left it, and accompanied by a note from his mother, saying that in April he came home and in August, after four days' illness, "with unclouded mind and wonderful Christian resignation entered eternal life." Mr. Corey was an only son and his family reside in Malden, Mass.

ONCE before, our magazine was linked with a similar obligation and sorrow. We have never forgotten the accomplished young architect who freely gave us the design for the cover of *Woman's Work*. He was the only child of his mother and she a widow, who still mourns his early death.

OF thirteen new men who joined our missions last year seven are laymen, three of them physicians. Six men were graduated in theology as follows: from Allegheny, Hartford, Lane and Princeton, one each; from McCormick Seminary, two. Rev. Robert Wilder, from Union Seminary, was also commissioned by the Board with leave to remain in England for some months before proceeding to India.

OF twenty-nine ladies sent out by our Board in 1891, one was a Methodist, one a Baptist. Four are physicians, one is a trained nurse. One went from Nova Scotia, two from Canada, one from Scotland, one (Miss Thiede's niece) from Germany. One said: "Suffer me first to bid farewell to my mother in Norway," and one brave young lady from the Free Church in Geneva crossed the Atlantic and, confiding herself to American Christians has gone, under their protection, to Hainan. The remaining ladies were from the following states: Indiana, Iowa, New Jersey, Tennessee, one each; California, Illinois and Kansas, each two; New York and Pennsylvania, three each; Ohio, four.

WE can scarcely appreciate the dimensions of that deliverance which spared the life of every missionary in Japan during the appalling earthquake of October 28. The large towns of Gifu and Ogaki were wiped out; the dead, the injured and the shelterless were numbered by many thousands. Lands were depressed, tunnels ruined, the best railroad bridge in the empire was down, valuable potteries were destroyed, brick walls of factories fell in several places; and relief funds became the order of the day.

OUR missionaries most in danger from the earthquake were at Osaka and Fukui. Mr. Fulton, writing from the latter place on November 14, said the shocks still continued, at intervals. His family slept on the floor of a low room detached from the house, having passed one night in the open air. A friend wrote from Kyoto, November 3, up to which time they had experienced 100 shocks by day and night. She said: "Some foreign ladies have been ill from the nervous strain. It *is* quite an ordeal. Every jar and footfall makes one's ears and heart start. I can never forget the sensation and sound of that clatter over my head for two in-

terminable minutes. One is not safe anywhere in this world except under the shadow of the Almighty. There we all are."

SMALLPOX appeared again in the Faith Hubbard School, Hamadan, Persia, the last week in October. There was no man of the mission in the city at the time and no American physician nearer than Teheran. The sick girl was sent with safety to her home, but everybody had been exposed and our dear friends, the teachers, were awaiting the outcome with anxiety, as we are still.

WHEN Mr. Ford was on his way to Gaboon last summer he found the mission pastor of Corisco Island, Mr. Ibia, detained on Fernando Po a prisoner at large. This was because Mr. Ibia had complained to the Governor (Spanish) that his son's murderer, after being condemned to fourteen years' imprisonment, had been speedily set free. Mr. Ford tried to procure the old pastor's release, but did not succeed until September last, when, after paying $30 fine, he was set free on condition that he does not live, for a year, within fifteen miles of Spanish territory. This banishes him from the Corisco flock. Mr. Ibia says: "The waters have not flown over me nor the flames kindled over me. We will not fear, though the earth should tumble over."

IT is well understood that the Corisco troubles are chargeable to a Spanish priest there, who has tried for years to overthrow the Protestant work and who "annoyed and threatened" the gentle and lady-like Mrs. Ibia during her husband's absence, until she was obliged to retreat to the mainland. "Such," Mr. Ford says, "is Rome when she has the power."

THREE HUNDRED Roman Catholic priests, besides "sisters," have gone into Zululand where but twelve American missionaries were occupying the ground. Such is Rome in power to command service.

THE steam engine with vertical boiler which has been in constant use at the Beirût Press for sixteen years is so much out of order that it is dangerous, besides requiring more than the ordinary fuel to run it. They need a new engine and it will take $1,000 from *somewhere* to get it.

DR. HARRIS writes that "at Minyara they still study the Bible as if it were a new book, and demand and can stand more preaching than any other people in Syria."

A FAIR-COMPLEXIONED Brahmin boy appeared at the boys' school in Sangli, South India, one day last summer, wishing to join the school. He had first heard Christian truth as Mr. Tedford preached it in his distant village and had bought the gospels by Luke and Mark, which, however, his father was unwilling to have him read. The boy was afraid to accept Miss Wilder's food for fear of defilement, but consented to eat some plantains and peanuts outside her door. This is a sample of a large class of cases in India, which, on account of the parents, are difficult to handle.

BOOK notices will be found this month after Treasurers' Reports.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR Societies and King's Daughters have badges, why not foreign missionary folks? The wish has been anticipated and the badges are ready, bearing a happy design. They are not intended for children, but will be "taking" to young people and nobody is too old for them. See description and price of the silver badge and how to get it in "To the Auxiliaries," but on no account send for it to *Woman's Work*, for we have only one and that was a present.

TWO nice packages of cards from an unknown friend lately reached Mrs. Ladd in Barranquilla via Bogota, where they have been waiting nearly a year for safe carriage. She wishes to extend her hearty thanks for them.

PICTURES and scripture cards would be acceptable to missionaries at Chinanfu as rewards for study to Chinese women and children.

WE congratulate the Woman's Association of the United Brethren in Christ upon sending forth their first medical missionaries. One has lately gone to West Africa and another to Canton.

A NEW missionary lately gone to China under the Zenana Society of the Church of England, was led to this step "by the lips of Mrs. Ahok," the heroic Chinese woman described in our August number. Of twenty new laborers sent out under the Society this season, eight go at their own charges or as the substitutes of others.

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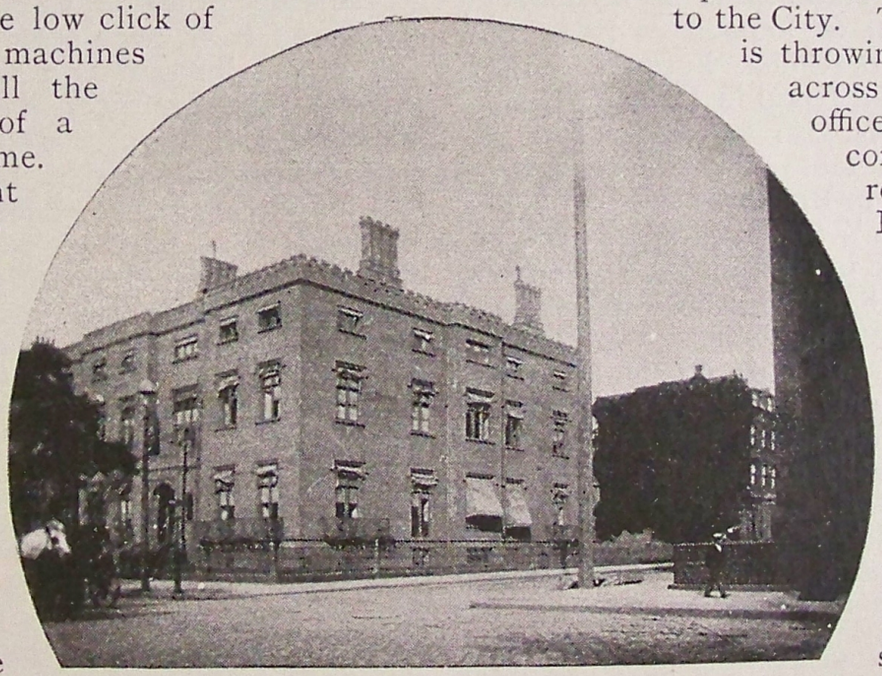
ANOTHER YEAR.*

In briefly summarizing results of 1891, let us begin at the Mission House on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street, New York, for here is the anchorage of all our missionary operations. The most obscure woman in our auxiliaries, the largest giver in the Presbyterian Church and each missionary in the service, are equally linked to this spot.

The house fronts the west. Let us enter. The low click of typewriting machines does not dull the associations of a stately old home. Here different phases of mission work stand, as they ever should in the heart of the Church, side by side and shoulder to shoulder. On the first floor is the Board of Home Missions: to the left, the Treasury; on the right, offices of the several Secretaries, Dr. Kendall's noble head, so well known to Presbyterians east or west, towering by his desk in the corner room, fronting the avenue. The Woman's Executive Committee occupies the rear and in the quietest part of the whole house, called Lenox Hall, grave Board Meetings convene, protracted Committee Meetings and weekly gatherings for social prayer and praise.



THE MISSION HOUSE

On the second floor is the Board of Foreign Missions: in the rear, rooms of the New York ladies; in the middle front office, the venerated Dr. Lowrie still devotes his pen to the cause that he has served for fifty-eight years. In the southeast corner whose east windows look toward a high wistaria-covered wall, the stenographer struggles to keep up with Dr. Ellinwood, while in the office adjoining, during Dr. Gillespie's absence, the visitor may find Dr. Dennis, of the Syria Mission, not unlikely pouring out Arabic upon some recent emigrant to the City. The carpenter is throwing a partition across Dr. Mitchell's office in the front corner to make room for Mr. Robert Speer's desk. On the left of the hall is a sort of engine room of the Board. Here come cablegrams from ends of the earth. Here are safes, ledgers, busy clerks, R. R. guides, messenger call, telephone. Now you would think it a banking house, now a railway office, but as, passing through, you hear the Treasurer say to some complainant, "Yes, I will think about it and pray about it, too," you recall where you are. On the third floor, *Woman's Work for Woman* has found a cozy nest. The window may be seen directly over the front door. A tall tulip tree hangs its painted cups before it in the spring and swings its brown bells in the fall. The Board of Church Erection fills

* Throughout this article the "year" meant is January, 1891-1892, but our latest dates, from the most distant fields are only up to the middle of October.

the whole large corner. Our magazine's business office, with the famous yellow list of subscribers' names, is at the rear where, too, is the busy General Secretary, Mrs. Fry. Besides all this, are the whole shipping department in the basement and the archives in the attic. A wonderful house, wonderfully fitted to promote the benevolent aims of the Church.

Abroad, the year 1891 has witnessed both some

CONCENTRATION AND EXPANSION

in the Missions. Concentration: as at Ichowfu and Sam Kong, where stations were begun not by one lonely pioneer, but a full force; in the Laos, by new forms of evangelizing agency located at Lakawn and the beautiful sight at Chieng Mai of mother and son associated in the same work of translating the Scriptures; by increase of force at a few centres.

The list of stations has been expanded by occupation of Lapoon in Laos, Sam Kong in South China, Fusan in Korea, Yamaguchi and Fukui in Japan. Occupation of Toyama, also is provided for.

The most notable expansion in agencies is the college in Brazil.

The Woman's Societies *alone* have expended $4,000 in land for the *Instituto Internacional* at Santiago, Chili. They have put $16,000 into buildings. With one exception these are at old stations and several of them are only necessary enlargement of buildings already in use, so that they represent equally expansion and concentration of effort. This sum was divided between girls' schools in Kanazawa, Tokyo, Sapporo, Ningpo; missionary homes in Fusan, Wei Hien, Lahore, Lakawn; a church in Ningpo and hospital at Hamadan. Money has been expended also under the General Board for the boys' school at Tabriz, the church in Guatemala, chapels and residences at four places within the Canton Mission, for homes at Chieng Mai and Batanga, and in that considerable outlay which is required, at the start, for each new station. For buildings at one of these, Yamaguchi, the children of the Church have been made responsible. The most important purchase of land was at Fusan, in Korea, the first acres held there by Americans and probably the first ever obtained in that country, not through concession to a foreign settlement but in direct purchase from government, by a single foreigner.

As we look over the whole area of our missions, this is an exceedingly modest showing in the line of enlargement. But

PARTICULAR LOSSES

remain to be mentioned and other gains to be noted.

During 1891 our interests in Liberia suffered for want of a strong organizer at the head; on Corisco Island through Roman Catholic opposition; in Siam through defection of church members and withdrawal of missionaries; in Teheran through many complications.

The lost opportunities for enlargement, who shall enumerate? One must be mentioned. The Governor of Chieng Rai has died. This is one of those cities which Dr. McGilvary, toiling through the provinces of North Laos in 1890, fixed upon as a centre where we ought at once to plant a Station. He found the governor there "the most sympathetic friend to Christianity of all the Laos rulers." His aid would have been invaluable. In his last illness he sent two messengers 110 miles to the American doctor for more medicine and, finally, his son-in-law wrote "the sacred Father, God, has called him." Dr. McGilvary hopes he died a Christian, but adds in a tone of patient sadness, "by delay we are constantly losing opportunities beyond recall."

Bitter indeed have been the blows that fell upon our own missionary force. Six times within the first six months of the year we bowed our heads in mourning. Four wives were taken — two while surrounded by the comforts of their American homes, two having barely reached the Laos. Dr. Sara Seward died by the very disease from which she had been peculiarly skillful in rescuing others. Jennie Small's letters two months before her death were eagerly full of what she planned to do: "I would like to go again and talk with the old man," "many invitations to return soon," "have promised to go up river this vacation." The oldest of our missionaries, Dr. John Newton, as a member of the English mission at Amritsar said at the funeral, "one of the holiest men and best beloved that the Punjab has ever seen" passed away after months of suffering. Mr. Seeley died in this country, having served eighteen years in North India; and a young French brother at Kangwe, a few months after his arrival. Most terrible of all to us, but not to him, was that swift stroke last July, when our brother Wellington

White, "in the twinkling of an eye," was called to take his crown. Seven missionary families have been bereaved of children under ten years of age — to more than one of them "the severest trial of our lives." At least five young ladies have experienced one of the loneliest moments of a woman's life, whatever be her age, when she knows that she is motherless. Peculiarly sad are such tidings when, traveling slowly, they reach one at a remote station weeks after the event, or, as in the case of one of ours, are the first greeting when she lands in America. Not one whit less sympathy do those dear messengers deserve who, through physical depression or prostrating illness, have suffered suspense of mind and suspension from their beloved labors. "A bitter year for me," wrote an earnest young missionary. "I love the work, I love the people, but God has not seen fit to give me strength to do what I have wished and prayed I might." "I have been a failure," moaned another, whose comrades assure us "she has not been in any sense a failure."

But if losses count up heavily, the year had

RICH GAINS.

Almost every mail from Shantung brought report of bright conversions and new villages listening to the Gospel. There was again revival in Oroomiah and a stirring among dry bones in the Gaboon Churches. The moment we began to do our duty in Africa we began to get results. From Laos comes, without interruption, tidings of additions to the believers. Churches have been gathered this year among pagans in South China and the Fang in Africa. Up at San Ho, near Peking, many idols have been swept off the shelves where they had perched for generations. What do easy-going, silent Christians, basking in the blaze of our American Church life, say to that company of twenty-five to thirty-five Laos women gathered for prayer-meeting? "*All who can read*," Mrs. Collins tells us, "*take their turn in leading the meeting. Those who cannot read are willing to lead in prayer.*" Or what would Morrison and other early missionaries to China think of this picture from Miss Grace Newton's report last summer?

"During the intense heat, three of the older girls walked back to the school (in Peking) from their home in the country, a distance of 140 miles, *their fathers, two elderly men, walking with them and carrying their bundles.*"

The year has been rich — we cannot forbear saying it — in development of missionary graces. Again and again the wind has blown across the garden and the spices flowed forth. Obstacles brought out courage, friction ended in conciliation, pain cultivated patience, and when a dry wind threatened drought to the Treasury, how the self-denial flowed out! Like wafts of orange and almond perfume to the Mediterranean voyager off the Jaffa shore, have come expressions of fresh joy in service. "It is happiness and drudgery," said one missionary teaching the dull women. "Our work grows so dear," said others. Another wrote, not in the ardor of a recent arrival, but after nine years of strenuous labor:

"Think of me accustomed to a household of fourteen, in a home always full of visitors, and then to come here and live absolutely alone for so long; and yet I was never lonely and I think God blessed me wonderfully in keeping me so close that I never was. The people were at once my brothers and sisters and mothers. Not in words, but in truth and with all their faults, and they are many, I love them so dearly that it is no self-denial to give my life for them. The self-denial would be in not being able to do it, so you can understand how thankful I am that it has never been necessary for me to return to America."

ADVANCE.

Where next shall our standard be carried? To Curytiba, with a girls' school, says Brazil. On to Chiningchow again, says undaunted Shantung. To open that important city Uiju, says Korea. To develop our Yamaguchi girls' school, says Japan. Thirteen schools for boys in that city and, besides our fifteen pupils, only a single poor school for girls. "Send us a teacher! I almost wish myself a woman to undertake it," says the enthusiastic missionary, considering its necessity and attractiveness. And what of those fifty heathen villages in Allahabad district within reach of Mrs. Lucas's tent? And those 4,000 villages that Mr. Forman counted in the Bundelkund district? And the villages in East Persia, as Marran, where a year and a half ago the priest's mother promised Miss Montgomery a room and six girls if a school were opened? What of those ten walled cities without a missionary between Shanghai and Hangchow, and forty parishes within reach of Soochow? Shall some centre of woman's work for India's

poor women rise, as Mr. Grant Jones suggests, on that fine piece of land given by government at Ferozepore? Shall Tabriz, with its two physicians and trained nurse have a hospital? And there are the Loi people on Hainan and the Hakkas in South China, and hosts of souls in "the bush" back of the African coast belt. Lift up your eyes and behold the harvest. Lo, it is great.

Forty-two new recruits were sent to our missions during 1891, as follows: Nine men with their wives, four men and twenty ladies unmarried. The total number of missionaries of the Board is now 595, of whom 354 are women. Three ladies on the field married, very considerately, within their own missions, and one brother brought a wife to us, also considerately, from another Board. Joy and rejoicing came into not less than fourteen homes, along with as many new little missionaries including "blue-eyed Elizabeth Winona" out in Dakota, the first great-grandchild of Dr. Williamson, of blessed memory. All these twenty-nine ladies are warmly commended to the sympathies of the societies in their first year of practical experience with new languages, climates and races. This may be a fitting opportunity, also, to invite attention of all the auxiliaries to the roll of our unmarried missionary ladies. There are, altogether, 158 of them. There is no better work done on mission ground than they do. The operations of the Woman's Boards would, not everywhere but, as a whole, collapse without them. No class of workers aggregate more years of service or at so small expense. None are more capable of devotion in the spirit of "This one thing I do." They have some trials which other missionaries have not. The recognition of their worth is in constant appeals for them from the Missions themselves. At this opening year, it may be the societies will turn a fresh regard to their interests, look to it that they are provided with suitable homes, are cherished in sickness and health, their influence protected and, as far as possible, such facilities provided as will make their labors most effective and permanent. As one of the Secretaries tersely said: "We rather, any time, they would spend $100 more money in order to do $500 worth more work."

Upon the staunch and widespread host of the Auxiliaries, missionary workers on the one hand and officers at the Mission House on the other hand, lean with increasing confidence and hope. The societies, on their part, though not unmindful of those things in which they have come short, may well stand before the milestone of another year to come, giving thanks that their labor is not in vain and their opportunity is ever widening. We all, joining their fellowship and looking to our infallible Leader and His unalterable word of promise, may lift our simple hymn:

"In Jesus' holy name we stand
Before the New Year's portal,
He holds our times within His hand,
The King of Life immortal.
This world is but poor, fleeting dust,
This Jesus' name, our only trust:
He has the Life Eternal.

"Upon His altar do we lay,
Along life's pathway lighted,
Ourselves, again, this New Year's day,
To Him by faith united.
To Him its varied scenes we bring,
The tears we shed, the songs we sing,
In a new consecration."

INCIDENT OF A TOUR IN ICHOWFU DISTRICT.

[MADE BY WHEELBARROW (WITH A BABY), A DISTANCE OF 200 ENGLISH MILES.—ED.]

A few heathen women had walked two miles and a half to see me. After talking about the various strange things a Chinese woman finds in a foreign one—about America, my mother's house and my mother-in-law's house, etc., I thought, "How shall I put Gospel into this chatter? But I must, for this may be my last opportunity with every one of them." I had to *make* a place to begin, so I said: "Great sisters-in-law, it is growing late and I have something better to talk about than these things, so won't you let me tell you of Jesus? If you don't know all about foreign matters it will make no difference, but this is important and I am afraid I shall not have another chance to tell you." They reluctantly consented to become, on the whole, very attentive listeners, and left only when it was nearly nightfall.

After they had gone I thought I would give them some little picture cards for their children, so I ran to the outer court. Imagine my chagrin when not one of them would touch the harmless things and even snatched away their baskets when I thought to drop them in, saying "they would come back to-morrow" for them.

I was very much mortified and gave the pitiful, bright bits of cardboard to children at the gate. When the Christian men standing about told me the women were afraid of "*mie whei*" (bewitchment, or seduction, or befoolment, or confusion, or something that the English language doesn't express in modern times), I felt as much cast down in spirit as I ever felt in China. "To what purpose was my half day's attempt to tell them the gospel of peace and good will if at the end of it they could still think me trafficking in evils and enchantments?

Next morning, after breakfast, before my astonished eyes appeared the women, crying, "Didn't we say we would come this morning?" They had brought great sister-in-law so-and-so and several others to hear. I greeted them, but did not begin to explain the Jesus doctrine until they had three times reminded me that this was what they came for. Then I said, "Let us find a place; the room is full of men," and the place found was a heap of straw sheaves on one side of the court. We sat there nearly two hours, I suppose, and there were some, I believe, truly impressed, judging as I must by the fallible signs of glistening eyes and eager questions. I never saw more beautiful simplicity of faith than was shown by two or three. I told about the Widow of Nain and there was no looking from one to another, as if to say: "That's very wonderful, if true," but they drank it in as a thing true on the face of it, and one said, "He pitied that mother." *Lulu Boyd Chalfant.*

A WOMEN'S MEETING IN KYOTO, JAPAN.

We reached Kyoto late in the afternoon and were just finishing dinner when Dr. Hearst and Miss Garvin called to invite us to a women's meeting, to be held immediately. The occasion was the opening of a new chapel, which had just been fitted up, in one of the most densely populated parts of that great Buddhist city. We were assured that, as yet, it would be the only gospel lighthouse in a district including from ten to twenty thousand inhabitants. A few minutes' ride in the ubiquitous jinrikisha brought us to a neat but plain Japanese dwelling, not readily distinguishable from others in the neighborhood. It is intended on ordinary occasions to have the entire front thrown open—a very simple process in a Japanese house—with lanterns hanging out, inviting all who will to enter. But on the evening referred to we entered at the side. To the left was a room, perhaps twelve feet square, with a wooden platform a few inches high, accessible from the front when open and where passers-by can enter without removing their shoes. We were shown into the second room, divided from the first by sliding partitions, or, rather, we were shown to the door of said room and had to tarry there long enough to remove our shoes, not so easy a process as with the Japanese, whose sandals or wooden clogs are readily dropped. This done, we were ushered into the room, covered with thick, soft matting, and along its entire length, some twenty-five feet, to the seat of honor, an essential part of every Japanese dwelling. The place of honor, for we found to our sorrow that it was not a seat at all, resembles an ordinary cupboard or clothes-press without door or shelves, with a tempting platform about a foot high, but to sit on which would be accounted a great discourtesy. Down we went, tailor-fashion, sitting first on one foot, then on another, then on neither, until we had exhausted all the possible attitudes, only to try them again in turn but less briefly each time. We could not but admire the patient dignity and evident ease with which the Japanese women sat or squatted during the entire evening and felt a trifle envious at the way our missionaries had learned to imitate them, notwithstanding Western attire.

There were about twenty-five women present, two or three having small children. Most of them were *believers*, as Christians are called in Japan, but some six or seven of the number had seldom, if ever, been in such a meeting before. A few minutes were spent in greetings and introductions, each occasion requiring two or three low bows, the forehead almost touching the floor. One of the two Japanese evangelists connected with our mission here, then rose to his feet, made a few introductory remarks and announced a hymn, which was well sung, notwithstanding the absence of an organ. He then offered prayer, the worshipers joining in an audible amen at the close, as their custom is. Miss Garvin then opened her Japanese New Testament and read from the Gospel by John about the "living

water." She followed the reading with a brief exposition, Dr. Hearst giving us a quiet hint as to the line of thought. All listened with evident interest and at the close made a profound bow, a custom we noticed in all the churches we visited. The meeting then took on a more informal character, the Bible woman present and others joining in.

It is the intention to hold meetings for women frequently in the new chapel and to follow up as far as possible those who attend, on the principle that hand-picked fruit is usually most valuable. The ordinary chapel work is to be conducted on the same principle by the evangelists, the public preaching to be followed by conversation at the time and subsequently in the home, wherever possible.

Kyoto is a difficult field. It is the great Buddhist stronghold of the empire and the priests are doing their utmost to frustrate the efforts of our missionaries to plant the Gospel in their sacred city. But "the word of God is not bound" and cannot be. The homes of Japan are virtually open to the Gospel and to reach and save the women is to reach and save the empire. Let all efforts in their behalf be remembered in circles for prayer in the home land.

John Gillespie.

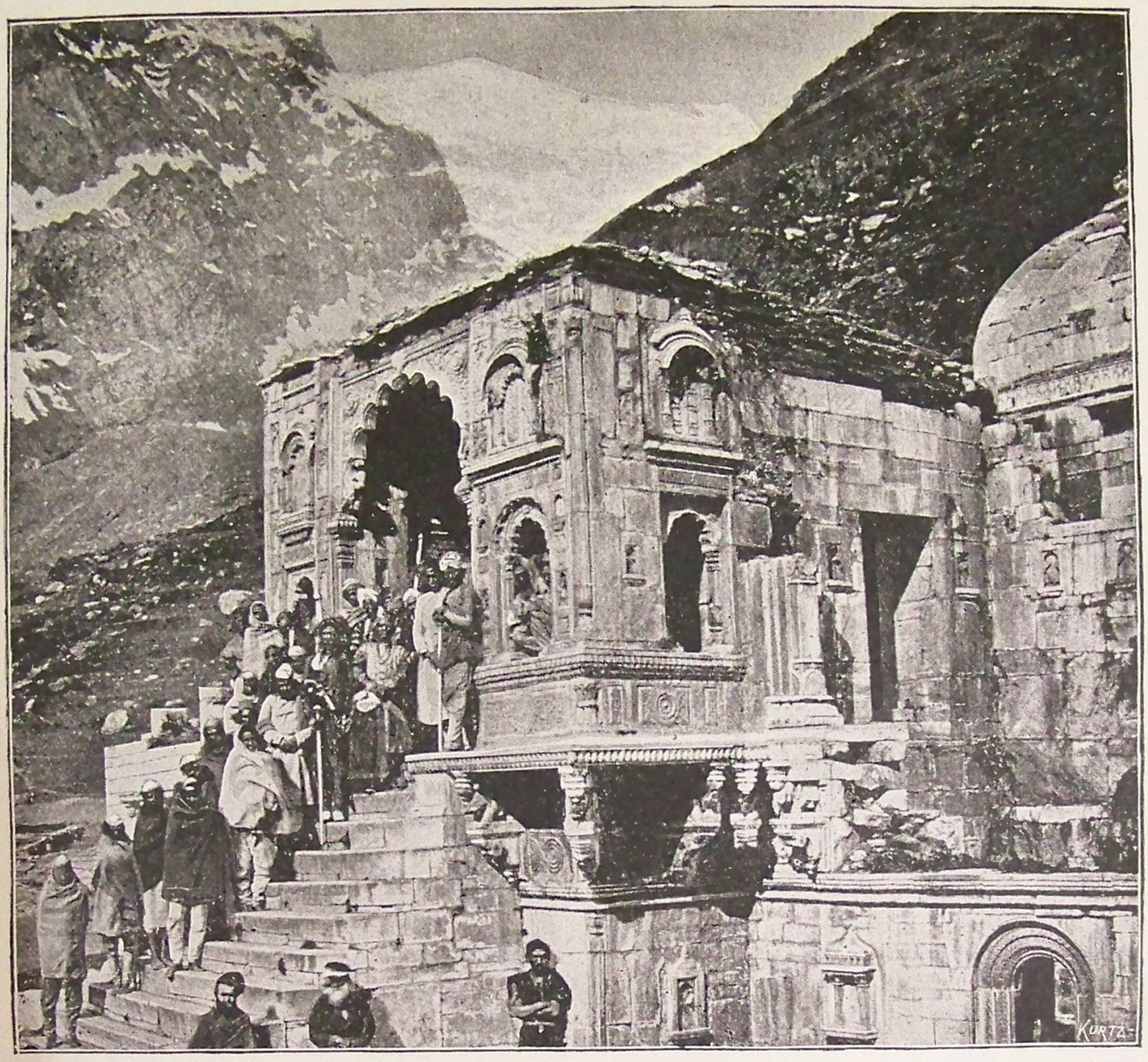
A VISIT TO BADRINATH TEMPLE IN THE HIMALAYAS.

BEING EXTRACTS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A LIEUTENANT-COLONEL IN THE FIRST BENGAL INFANTRY.

May 10, 1870.—Pandoo Kaisar to Badrinath. Left 4:30 A.M. Road steadily on the ascent, as by a succession of flights of steps every now and again. After the second mile the scenery improves, owing to clusters of trees which constantly appear. At the fourth mile crossed the Vishnoo Ganga by a bridge, and looked back on a magnificent view. In the foreground, the construction of the bridge on the cantilever system is clearly defined; to the left, a perpendicular roçky cliff in deep shade; to the right, a magnificent tree, backed by a spur of the snowy range covered with freshly fallen snow; above, a forest of pines and other trees, nestling on its side; while beneath the bridge the river Alaknanda, a roaring cataract, foams over huge boulders. This bridge was called by the pilgrims the Bridge of Mercy.

At the sixth mile from Pandoo Kaisar, the road ascends rather steeply over a chaotic mass of boulders, then round a smooth, grassy spur called Jug Parbat, in one corner of which was a hole dug in the ground, and every pilgrim going to it pulled out a piece of charcoal mixed with earth and carried it off as a sacred relic. The legend of the place is that, at the time of the Satjog (Age of Truth, the golden age), Raja Marood made the memorable sacrifice of a horse on that spot, and that this charcoal found there is the remains of his fire! After crossing a pretty torrent we arrived at Hoonorman Chattee, which is only three miles distant from Badrinath. Here the pilgrims halt, bathe in the Alaknanda, and take their food, preparatory to the visit to the temple. Here the Alaknanda, or Vishnuganga River, is as calm and clear as the waters of the Jhelum in the Vale of Cashmere. A mile lower down it is a roaring cataract. This is one of the loveliest spots in creation. Across the river is a fine bluff, with a beautiful cluster of deodar pines. To the right, rocky cliffs and grassy mounds rise in alternate steps of light and shade. In the middle is a huge mountain with pine and birch forests in its deep glens and bright, glistening shales of mica, dazzlingly bright, lighting up the spurs that descend on all sides from the snow-clad peak, which stood out boldly from a blue sky overhead. From this background, not only the group of deodars referred to, but one solitary, magnificent deodar between the group and the rocky cliff on the right, stands out in relief with stereoscopic effect. To the left, in the middle distance, is the grassy mound of Jug Parbat and in the foreground, to the left, a rock affording shade and shelter. The pilgrims, in different attitudes of devotion and ablution, or scattered about cooking their food, completed as fine a picture as any one could wish to see.

Henceforth the road is a steady ascent to Badrinath. At two miles from the temple the river is crossed by a "*sanga.*" The scenery becomes more and more interesting. The river here is a terrific cataract and is lost sight of by great masses of snow which, during the winter, have accumulated over it, and beneath which it flows, appearing and dis-



THE TEMPLE OF BADRINATH.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY COL. SENIOR.

appearing. The river Ganga takes its rise from the peak of Badrinath, which is seen from this spot and is 23,400 feet in height.

The temple of Badrinath was evidently intended to be a magnificent edifice. The gateway is beautifully designed and carved with elaborate sculpturing of elephants, peafowl, lions and emblems of royalty.

Just below the steps of the temple a hot spring escapes from the rock called Tapsia Kund. The temperature was 124° Fahr. The water tasted of both sulphur and iron. As it is too hot to bathe in, some cold water is brought from the hillside and both are made to flow into a series of pools where pilgrims, male and female, bathe together after performing the necessary devotions. The boiling point of water at Badrinath was 194, showing a height of about 11,160 feet, so that the peak of Badrinath, though only apparently two miles distant, rises at least about 12,000 feet above the valley where the temple is situated. The temperature at sunrise was 34° Fahr. and at sunset 60°. Close to our encampment is a rough stone platform which looks like the remains of a bridge, but we were informed that offerings to the dead are made there by pilgrims, and that the spot is called Brahms Kopal, or Brahmah's head. The fable relative to it is that Shiv, discovering Brahma in an act of shame, was enraged and cut off his head with his trident, to which the head pertinaciously stuck. Shiv endeavored in vain to get rid of his loathsome burden. He traveled all the world round but failed, until he acted on the advice to make a pilgrimage to Badrinath, the Lord of the Clouds, as the name implies, the abode of

Vishnoo. As soon as he came to the spot marked, the head falling off into the river was swept away. There are only two or three temples besides this spot referred to, where prayers and offerings are made to Brahma.

May 11, 1870.—All night the quiet stillness made apparent two facts: First, a steady rumbling noise, quite distinct from the sound of the flowing stream; and second, the continued shaking of the bed caused by a pulsatory throbbing of the land, undoubtedly the result of volcanic action, as evidenced further by the presence of the hot spring already referred to.

At 11 A.M. we started to visit the falls of Barsadhara (rain waterfall), about five miles distant up the bleak and treeless valley. After passing the village of Mana, I crossed the Shishganga by a natural bridge caused by the fall of a huge rock over the cañon which the river had formed in its precipitous course. The scenery here was bold and striking. The valley became very rocky, and the river Alaknanda constantly disappeared from view under beds and bridges of snow. The waterfall was a fine sight. Leaping from a rocky cliff about 800 feet high, the mass of waters shot downwards like a succession of rockets, each disappearing in the air. The general effect was that of a comet-shaped mass of water with the nucleus above and the tail downwards. Long before the waters reached the snowy bed below, the fall vanished from view, being blown away by the wind into vaporous fluid which eventually fell to the ground as rain, under which we endeavored to have a shower bath, but the snow beneath us and the cold cutting wind made bathing anything but pleasant, so we cut our bath short and returned. Instead of crossing the Alaknanda by the snow, I crossed by a spar of pine about sixty feet long, but it was a very foolish and hazardous undertaking, and instead of dropping my alpine staff as I did, it would have served me right if I had fallen into the ice cold water by a drop of about fifty feet. It was well I did not, for the water was deep and flowing so rapidly that I felt as if my legs were being carried away by it and, besides, there was a deep bed of snow under which I would undoubtedly have been carried and from which I would never have emerged alive. The fall of my stick caused my companion, Dr. W., to reflect (for he was preparing to follow me), and to decide that it would be wiser to go round and cross by the snow bridge.

May 12, 1870.—About 7 A.M. the sun rose brightly over the surrounding hills and lit up the temple of Badrinath. Selecting the spot from which the picture of the temple was taken, and which was the roof of a neighboring house belonging to one of the *Raol's sardars* (officers), (the Raol is the high priest of Badrinath; the Pope of the Vishnuvite sect of Hindooism), I obtained permission to get on the roof and proceeded to fix my camera and lens, when a messenger came from the Raol asking me to favor him with a copy of the photograph. I replied that I would be happy to do so if he could grace the picture with his august presence, upon which he came out just as he was, dressed in red velvet and yellow silk embroidered with gold, and surrounded by his officers, punkha bearers and mace bearers, and standing on the uppermost step of the temple was photographed. Three ascetics, who were seated by the side of the step, stood up and came partly into the picture. I then had a talk with "his holiness," who was a very jovial and friendly man and not in the least degree bigoted. I went with him into the courtyard of the temble, where, under a dome-shaped building in the centre, which was the *adytum*, or holy of holies, was an image of Vishnoo. In front of the door of this building on the inner side of the scolloped arch gate, on a raised platform, was a cherub called Garur. It had the body of an eagle with the head of a man.

On the left side of the inner wall of the gate were three idols in beautifully carved niches, Vishnoo being in the centre, standing with a glory around his head composed of the heads and hoods of the poisonous snake, *cobra de capella*. I am inclined to the idea that the snakes were introduced here to reconcile the large body of snake worshipers that inhabit the mountainous regions of India and to show that Vishnoo the preserver is supreme and that the snakes are subservient to his will. To the right of the picture is Brahma the creator who, having ordained Law and set everything in motion, retired from his labors to become unconsciously inert by devotion and thus to attain the bliss of Nirvana.

On the left is the third person of the Trinity of Hindu mythology, Shiv the

THE HIGH PRIEST OF BADRINATH. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COL. SENIOR.

destroyer. Spreading a carpet below these idols, which I decided to have as a background of a portrait of the Raol, he sat down in an easy posture, at my request, in the way that he performs his daily devotions, with the sacred shasters in manuscript piled before him, a leaf of the same in his left hand, and a portion, supposed to have been read, beside him. In his right hand he held a string of beads exactly like a Roman Catholic rosary; a whisk made of the tail of a yak, which was carried about by a follower, was placed beside him on his right. In front were a silver salver, silver goblets and cups containing holy Ganges water, and ingredients for mixing sacred offerings of rice, *ghu*, etc., also the *stronkh*, or shell, by which alone the sacred name of the deity can be correctly sounded. Two silver sticks were taken from the mace bearers and placed on either side of the Raol, and behind him. Two punkhas were similarly taken and placed on the right and left, beside the idols Brahma and Shiv.

My companion lent him a pair of spectacles to look through, which he thought a wonder. As Mr. W. had a spare pair of spectacles, he gave him one, which so pleased his royal holiness that he ordered a turban to be tied round our hats as we were leaving Badrinath. We must have been a comical sight, marching off with the milk-white *pagues* wound round our huge Scotch hats, one end about two feet long gaily flaunting in the air. The *doog doogy walas* (drummers) by order of the Raol marched in front of us beating their copper drums. Whether this ceremony was intended to drum us out of Badrinath, or was a high mark of honor shown us by

the Hindu pope, I must leave others to decide. I would, however, remark that the Raol gave us a hearty shake of the hand and that whenever he goes anywhere he is always preceded by his drummers.

H. W. J. Senior.

OUR INDEPENDENCE DAY IN VALPARAISO.

It has been the custom for a number of years to hold in our church a mid-day service on the 18th of September, Chili's Independence Day, to take the place of the *Te Deum* sung at the same hour in the Cathedral.

This year, by request, the Sunday-school children came laden with flowers to take to the several hospitals after service. We opened with singing "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty," reading Psalm 147, and prayer. Then followed brief addresses, readings and recitations, interspersed with patriotic songs.

The address of Mr. Moran, a young licenciate, was truly eloquent as he traced the resemblance between the struggle in 1810 against unrighteous Spanish oppression and the recent deliverance from a tyranical dictatorship. Mr. Moran spoke with special feeling of the cost and value of the liberty regained, since his brother was mortally wounded in the last battle at Placilla.

Mr. Castro, the principal of our mission day school in this city, called attention to the duty of patriotism as illustrated by Bible characters, Moses, David, Esther and by Christ himself.

Some of the poems were original productions of Miss Hidalgo, a teacher in day and Sunday-school. She also went with sixteen of the little ones to one of the hospitals to sing to the wounded soldiers. Many of the men wept as they listened to these juvenile voices. The flowers were all carried away and left by loving hands at bedsides of the suffering in various hospitals.

This is the way in which a national holiday was celebrated by a little congregation of Christians in Chili.

(*Mrs. J. F.*) *Emma F. Garvin.*

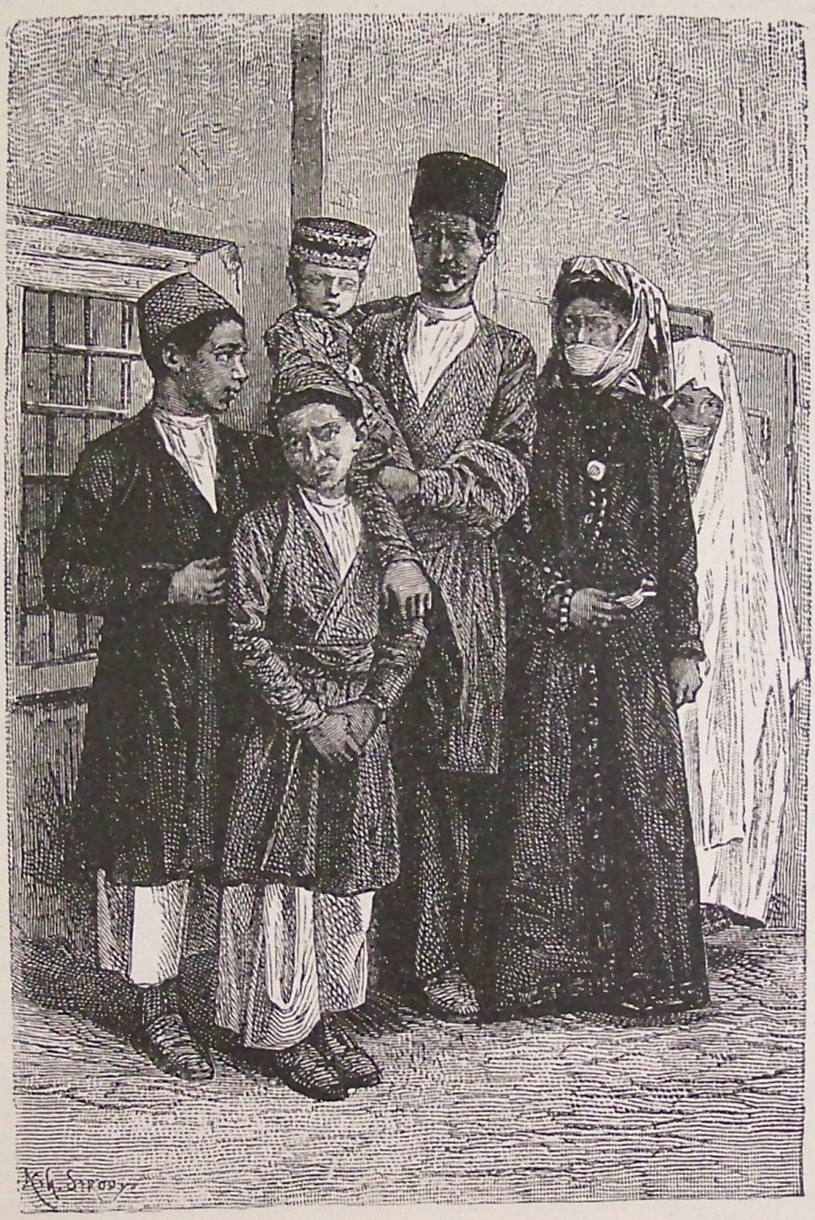
A WEDDING FEAST IN PERSIA.

As I was coming from a call in the village the other evening, I happened along just in time to see a wedding party going to bring the bride from her father's house. Every one in the street was stopping to look on. The street or square was lined with men and boys and the roofs fringed with women and girls in their gaily-colored clothes. A handsomely-dressed woman holding a baby stood near the door of the bride's house, apparently to welcome the party. A number of men walked in the front of the procession and behind came forty or fifty women and girls, led by a drum. The groom's father and aunt were in front of the women, clapping their hands to the beat of the drum and sometimes taking a sort of dancing step. The "square" is merely an open spot where no house happens to stand, and is filled with manure heaps, logs of wood, broken pottery, etc. It forms a playground for boys, and against the walls of the houses which surround it men will almost always be found sitting on their heels and sunning themselves.

The procession which, after the fashion of such occasions, moved along slowly and irregularly, soon stopped and I saw the drummer coming towards me. Keeping his drum going vigorously, he delivered his message: "Muktusie Hak Ferdic sends you his *parevs*" (salutations). Muktusie (Pilgrim) was the bridegroom's great uncle, a white-bearded old man and an acquaintance of mine. I sent back my thanks with a small gift. Still constantly beating his drum, the messenger returned to the old man on the other side of the square. Then Movses, the groom's father, went up and, after a little talk, back came the drummer. Standing within two feet of me, and all the time beating his big drum, he again delivered his message: "Baron Movses sends his *parevs* to you." Again I thanked him and my attendant gave him another coin. A great crowd of boys had gathered and the drummer, scattering them before him with his drum, losing a beat or two in doing so, carried back my thanks. The party then slowly moved on and I pursued my way home.

The two sisters of the bridegroom are my scholars, and the next day they came to invite Mrs. Mechlin, Philomena (the assistant teacher) and myself to the wedding. This was the third day of the festivities and they would be finished on the fourth. We put on "wedding garments"

and went with the girls. We were taken into a great, barn-like room, whose furniture consisted of two immense boxes, or bins, for wheat and a smaller box, which had been divided into cupboards for bread, dishes, clothes, etc. The manner of seating and feasting the guests would be novel to a stranger. Along one wall was a row of twenty or more women sitting on the floor and, facing them about three feet away, another row. Cloths were spread between on the carpets and little dishes placed upon them containing cheese, curdled milk, boiled meat and a stew in which chopped meat was wrapped in bits of cabbage leaves. All were enjoying their repast.



ARMENIAN FAMILY OF WEST PERSIA.

We were taken to the smaller cupboard which I have mentioned, on which a carpet was spread and were invited to sit down upon it. Imagine my feelings! The box was about as high as my shoulder and I am neither slight nor agile. How was I to get up there with not so much as a chair, much less a step-ladder? As I stood hesitating, the cupboard door was unlocked and opened and by putting my foot on a shelf I managed, with assistance, to climb up and then gave a strong hand to my companions. The top of the box was about three feet wide and perhaps nine feet long, with a low railing at the back and ends and a long cushion spread upon it. Here we sat down, Turkish fashion, to watch the scene. Several of the women of the house were waiting on the guests, refilling empty dishes from vessels of food kept hot in the *tandoor*, or oven in the ground, these vessels being drawn up as they are wanted by hooks put through their handles. One woman was rocking a cradle with one hand while feeding herself with the other. Several young girls sat with us on the top of our tall box and one of these, a thirteen-year-old sister of the bridegroom, was studiously keeping her back to the company and holding a handkerchief to one side of her face because, on the floor, half way down the room on that side, sat her future mother-in-law. To be sure, she was busily eating, but she might look up at any time and, according to Persian etiquette, the girl must be on her guard.

Where is the bride? Yonder, sitting in the farthest corner of the room, heavily veiled. She is not allowed to eat in the presence of the guests. She is a pretty girl of sixteen and knows how to read.

Presently, refreshments were brought us on a tray, candy, fruit and two tiny glasses of sweetened water. Our hosts were very careful to tell us there was nothing besides sweetening in it. Others of the company were drinking wine. When the guests on the floor had finished eating, a cloth was spread in front of us and

the attendants brought us bread, two kinds of hot stew, both good, with curdled milk and cheese. As it grew dark, candles were lighted; candlesticks, however, could be furnished for only three or four, the rest being carried around in the hand while one, stuck immediately in front of us, was in momentary danger of toppling over upon the people below.

Finally the feast was ended, the night was on us and after staying as long as we could to talk with those who gathered around us, we slipped down from our perch, went over to make our farewell to the bride and returned home.

Such are the simple scenes in which we share with these poor people, rejoicing with them who rejoice and often finding a pathway to their hearts.

(*Miss*) *C. O. Van Duzee.*

WHAT A NEW MISSIONARY SEES AND FORESEES IN AFRICA.

. . . On July 4 I reached Gaboon, finding Mr. Gault, the missionary in charge of Baraka Station and Treasurer of the Mission, very much over-worked and almost sick. I was able to begin at once by taking the English Bible class in Sunday-school and conducting evening service the next day, which I have been doing ever since. The Mpongwe language is easy to pronounce, so that one can sing hymns without waiting to learn the tongue, and my voice has had no opportunity to remain idle. These people are not great singers, but some sing well. At their request, I am teaching a class to read music one evening in the week and they show considerable aptitude in learning.

About five weeks ago Mr. Marling and Mrs. Ogden came here from M'Fulah Bifum (or Angom, as the station is called), sixty miles up the Como, a branch of the Gaboon River. Mrs. Ogden needed a vacation and being unable to find a steamer to take her up the Ogowe as she had planned, on account of low water, she went to Kabinda near the Congo, and back, on an English steamer, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Gault and their little boy.

Mr. Marling and I were left in charge of the station and it fell to my lot to look after the yard boys who were repairing roofs and paths in preparation for the rainy season, calking boats, etc.; also to attend the store every morning to sell goods to the people who come to buy. Payment for work done for the mission, as well as for wood, fish, plantains or fowls purchased of the natives, is made in goods, such as axes, cloth, soap, and for convenience in trading they are given cards redeemable only in goods at the store. This plan is followed (without cards) at the other stations of the mission. As this is the seat of the government for "Congo Français," all the goods for the entire mission, excepting Batanga, and supplies for our own use, including provisions of all kinds from England and America, must be declared in detail to the customs officers for the levying of duty, in the form of various "manifests" and "declarations," all in French. As I have a slight knowledge of the language, this has fallen to me and with keeping accounts will become part of my regular work.

Mr. Marling and Mrs. Ogden left on their return voyage yesterday, both of them much benefited by their little vacation. He took with him a large number of coffee plants from a German plantation a few miles from here and a mason from Lagos, who is to teach the boys to make and burn brick.

Of religious work, in addition to the secular duties to which I was primarily appointed, there is no lack, and other plans are suggesting themselves for adoption whenever I shall be able to take them up. Of all the six stations of this mission having white missionaries, this one at Baraka is the least fruitful and has long been so, and the Church here seems to me as dead as many I have known in America. This is not strange when we consider the great amount and variety of work which has rested most of the time on one missionary, the frequent changes, and the number and strength of temptations that assail both men and women through the presence of white traders.

I realize more and more how absolutely essential to the missionary is spiritual power, and that of no ordinary kind, not alone for his own needs, but to work in the power of the Spirit among those who are spiritually narcotized; first, by ages of heathenism with its superstitions and immorality; and afterward, by greed of gain, with the rum and immorality of godless foreigners. And yet I do not remember that I have often heard prayer offered for missionaries that they might have the power of the Holy Spirit. Possibly the general feeling is that they are specially

endued in this direction by virtue of their calling and prayer for this gift is not so much needed as for other blessings; but I am very confident that if God's people at home would pray earnestly for one year that we all might receive an unusual—I had almost said a miraculous—measure of the Holy Spirit's power, the membership of the Church of Christ would be greatly increased and our ranks would be re-enforced by recruits from the praying bands, sent out by the money of those whom God has *called to stay at home* (not those who have not heard the call to go). May I not rely on this support from you?

Edward A. Ford.

GABOON, August 20, 1891.

REV. T. S. POND says of Bogota:

There are the usual signs of Latin civilization. Gaudy and gilt stucco ornaments, statues and dowdy costumes of saints distract the eye of the worshiper in numerous churches, which are plain enough outside. Women—not men—go to church *every* morning. Without seeing many drunken men on the street, you cannot pass one in ten—both men and women—who do not give painful proof of using the specially fiery liquid of the country. The bad constitutions—weak legs and backs, red eyes and noses—all are frequent in any crowd. The general appearance of the people is very respectable. More silk hats are to be seen than in most North American cities and good tailors abound.

SHALL ISRAEL BE EVANGELIZED?

THERE can be no question that Judaism, as a religion, is in a stage of dissolution; the strictly orthodox believers are found chiefly in the purlieus of Eastern Austria and Russia, while the German Jews, who have opened themselves to the influences of modern rationalistic and materialistic science, are throwing away more and more of their faith every day. The amount of religious faith in a Jew can generally be determined in the inverse ratio of his education. So far has this indifference to Judaism as a religious system gone that it is not uncommon in Germany for a Jew to turn nominally Christian and receive baptism in order to get on better in business, or because he wishes to marry a Christian. The flesh of swine is freely eaten by a large proportion of German Jews.

Judaism is, therefore, clearly going through a transition. Things cannot remain as they are. Who is to have the intellectual and social force represented by the great mass of liberal and radical Jews? Shall this strength be thrown upon the side of materialistic atheism or shall it fall to the Christian Church?

These are questions which the Church must consider. The processes of mind which lead a Jew to abandon his inherited religion are of a nature to lead him into materialism; and it is therefore almost a foregone conclusion that the Church can look for few accessions from the first, or even second, generation of radical Jews. But practical atheism is an experiment of which men get tired in a few decades; and the grandchildren of the men who exchange Judaism for materialism will very likely knock at the door of the Church. The Church herself can do very little to hasten this event; she must bide her time and prepare herself in quietness that when the day comes she may know just what to do.

At present the most hopeful field for labor is with Jews of a middle party who have abandoned their inherited customs to a large extent, are frequently dissatisfied with what their faith offers them, and yet have a certain fund of religious conceptions and beliefs from which the Christian can start in work with them. It is not, for instance, necessary to prove to them the existence of a Supreme Being, or the possibility of a revelation, or the future life. Besides this, interest in religious discussion is almost a racial characteristic of the Hebrews; and it is one of the grossest misconceptions that we Christians have, to think that it is dangerous to approach all Jews on religion. A little experience will teach how to begin. Of course the mere mention of Jesus is sufficient to draw the curse from Orthodox Jews.

The number of Jews who hesitate on religious grounds to read the New Testament is growing steadily less; they read often, to be sure, from curiosity; but even such reading tends to break up the hard ground of prejudice and prepare the way for the future sower of the truth.

I wish to make this article practical

rather than narrative and therefore will add a few suggestions as to the part to be taken by the American churches in the evangelization of Israel. In the first

SYNAGOGUE PROCESSION OF JEWISH DIGNITARIES.

place, consecrated labor of the individual Christian on the individual Jew is of the first importance.

Jews have a shyness of missionaries; they often think that the missionary gets a commission on every proselyte. If they know, however, that the person who is talking with them is not a missionary by profession but speaks simply out of the persuasion of his own heart, they are much more likely to give a ready hearing. If you have a Jewish friend, ask her to go to church with you; she will very likely accept your invitation and this will lead up gradually to conversation. Tact is, of course, necessary. . . .

Arthur D. Corey, Ph.D.

[The above was left unfinished at Mr. Corey's death, as explained in another column.—EDITOR.]

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

SHIPWRECK.

The disaster which overtook Mrs. Marling and Miss Christensen after starting from Liverpool for Africa was mentioned last month. The following graphic description has been received from MRS. MARLING who was staying in England among her husband's relatives at the time of writing, November, 1891:

We embarked at 1 P.M. on October 14 in a considerable storm with falling barometer, and at evening, the weather not clearing, the captain put into some bay for the night starting again at daybreak. We experienced rough weather all day and at evening wished for another sheltering bay but the captain this time proceeded on his way, At 11 o'clock we encountered a severe gale and were badly tossed and pitched about, the decks being swept by heavy seas which soon burst through the ventilators and came dashing down the passageway near the ladies' cabin where were four ladies, two children and the stewardess. Only the children could sleep in the storm. The stewards and the African boy bravely baled out the water which came running down every moment, often receiving a wave right over them. Presently we heard breaking glass and learned that the skylight had given way. Trunks and valises had been keeping up a lively chase about the cabin which was occasionally visited by small luggage and pieces of broken furniture from other parts of the ship. The table piled with clothing broke loose from its fastenings and was thrown down plunging our garments into the water, by this time deep upon the floor. The stewardess, vainly endeavoring to secure some article of clothing, was thrown violently down and carried forwards and backwards across the cabin until one of the passengers succeeded in assisting her to her feet as she was carried near her berth.

During all this time the gentlemen had hastened from their deluged cabins to assist in baling out the water from the saloon, but it was a disheartening task to take out with buckets what was constantly dashed down in such quantities from above. They worked like men whose lives were dear to them, with water up to their hips, while the ship was rolling and shivering. The ladies could only cling to the sides of their berths and see their clothing carried away and things about them literally ground to pieces, the mother quieting as best she could the little ones when they wakened. Fortunately they were too young to realize the danger of the situation and a few assuring words usually quieted them.

I do not know what was in the minds of the other ladies for they uttered no sound, although their serious faces showed the fear and suspense they were suffering. With severe groaning and prayers, accompanied by nervous chills and quakings, but no tears, did we long for the morning. At last it dawned and the captain ordered the ladies to be brought from their perilous positions, as by this time the berths were breaking down, to his room on deck at the head of the saloon stairs. Here we found the gentlemen huddled together in various stages of dress and undress, shivering and wet, with life-belts on, waiting their turn at the buckets again. The storm had been so violent that it was impossible to seek, find or put on our clothing. Everything that was not washed away was wet through and unwearable. We were without shoes or stockings and could only seize a blanket or wrap which might be lying on our beds. All the fires but one were put out and the firemen were working nearly to their necks in water. The captain afterwards said that the ship could not possibly have held out one half hour longer if the storm had not gone down when it did.

The captain's cabin was about 12x6 feet and contained a settee, or berth, a bureau, writing table and shelves, washstand and spirit chest. Into this small space twenty-six passengers took refuge and remained for thirty hours, the waves thundering against it threatening to carry it away at any moment. I begged one of the gentlemen to go and look into the children's berth and see if he could find a tin of biscuits I had left there. He found them safe and it was pitiful to see with what eagerness the poor fellows who had been baling out water for hours took a few as they were passed around. The next report from the ladies' cabin was that all the berths but one had capsized and the place was a pile of wreckage. The same was true of the saloon—everything, including the piano, being destroyed.

Little could be s ved from the ship's stores of food; there was no water and we quenched our thirst with lemon and ginger soda; some wine and brandy were also used but all partook very moderately. Though all about us was wreck and confusion, perfect order and quiet reigned among the passengers and crew. At last we were refreshed by a plate of sandwiches, (a dinner-plate full among twenty-six persons), of which everyone politely took sparingly, but a few furtive glances were cast in hopes there might be enough for a second helping.

Gradually the smoke from the funnel became more abundant and blacker and the ship's pulse beat heavily enough to be heard and felt, and the captain told us the worst was over and we were returning to Holyhead. A gentleman and one steward had volunteered to try to save the children, each choosing a child, but our Heavenly Father saved us this trial.

During the day four ladies and two children occupied the captain's settee, but I had only a few inches of sitting room and was endeavoring to balance myself by resting my feet on the sharp edge of a piece of furniture. The floor was wet and I was much exhausted. Finally I put a cork life-belt on the floor with a wet tablecloth folded over it and sat there the whole night through holding baby in my arms and with no rest for my back. Miss Christensen took a seat on the top of the washstand where some gentlemen had spent the day. There she and a gentleman sat bolt upright, all night, except when one or the other dozed off and lost balance, with the result that they fell on those sitting at their feet. Occasionally we could not help laughing at some such ridiculous mishap.

Poor baby enlivened the monotony by roaring forth her indignation at being given wine, and finally beer, when she asked for water. The night was lovely, bright and calm and had we possessed warm clothing and comfortable chairs we might have been on deck. The cargo had shifted, throwing the ship on one side so that half the deck was by this time comparatively dry.

LAND HO!

Morning came at last and by 12 o'clock we were near Holyhead with a signal of distress floating from the mast. In an astonishingly short time a lighter came alongside, but as we were without proper clothing, shoes or stockings, we remained on board until the purser went ashore and procured us some; then fixing ourselves as well as we could we went ashore, a motley crowd. After the luxuries of warm water, towels, etc., we partook of a good dinner which the purser had ordered, and were sent to the village to procure, at the steamer company's expense, some necessary clothing, but as the place was small we had difficulty in making ourselves comfortable. We had a quiet Sabbath at Holyhead and enjoyed so much the sound of distant bells or watched the people walking peacefully to service. It seemed like a dream.

The harbor was filled with vessels which had put in from the storm. One noble ship was there, her rigging covered with waving shreds and rags, not one of them many inches long. We were cheered by a letter from a Liverpool clergyman's wife, a friend to whom I had telegraphed our situation, assuring us of sympathy and help. The Welsh language is used mostly in Holyhead, but that morning I heard sweet singing in the street below and the words, "He will wash me white as snow, Hallelujah," reached my ears as I raised the window. That was all I could catch, but it thrilled my very soul and I would have shouted back again one joyful hallelujah had my voice allowed. The exposures of the last two days had completely silenced it. Though at this writing nearly four weeks have passed, I have still a troublesome cough. The children mercifully received no harm, neither did Miss Christensen.

Monday morning we returned to Liverpool by train. Our trunks in the hold of the ship were found unharmed, although 600 tons of cargo had been spoiled. This latter discovery made it impossible for the company to send a substitute ship until they could get a fresh cargo, and so the *Lualaba* did not sail until October 28, two weeks from the previous sailing. The time was improved in getting Miss Christensen ready for that sailing. I accompanied her to the ship, where I saw a number of fellow-passengers of the *Ambriz* embarking with her, including one of the ladies. The doctor thought I would better wait a little.

Looking back upon the past few weeks, our hearts are filled with thankfulness for God's preserving care and, as when in extremest danger I earnestly besought God to spare our lives for our work and grant us grace and strength to serve Him, so now more earnestly and faithfully than before I shall hope to strive for the fulfillment of these desires and proceed to Africa as soon as possible.

SOUTH INDIA.

THROUGH THE VILLAGES BY BULLOCK CART.

MISS SHERMAN wrote from RATNAGIRI, on the Southwest coast, Sept. 12, 1891:

I have just been to Kolhapur for a little change, being urged to it by many kind friends. I took the journey of eighty-two miles over the mountains with only my bullock driver for company. By having a conveyance meet me about twenty miles this side of Kolhapur I made the journey in three days, spending only two nights on the way. My visit to Kolhapur was saddened by the death of little Mary, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Wanless. She was just a year and a week old when the Lord took her home. Her little body was laid in the Kolhapur cemetery in the same row with five other little mounds, all missionary children.

Miss Patton has been over-working, so I persuaded her to come back for a rest with me. We started Monday morning from Kolhapur, accompanied by a Bible woman and an older woman to keep her company. We went as far as Bambawarda the first day, where Miss Patton and I, walking through the village to find opportunity to talk with the women, were asked to sit down at the door of a house where she had been on a previous tour. Our cots that night were set up in the front part of the rest-house, a native structure having no front wall at all, and so we were exposed to the sounds around us. The dogs began it and kept it up pretty well all night! Then the cats wailed, the bats whizzed, the fleas bit and the bullock drivers talked. It is needless to say our rest was not unbroken.

Tuesday morning Miss Patton and I, each taking one of the Christian women, went to different villages. I had an audience of some fifteen women and about as many men. While the Bible woman with me was talking of Christ, one of the men said: "But when will He ever come to see us?" In the afternoon we resumed our journey and spent the night at Mulkapur in a bungalow built for "sahibs," so we had no trouble with noise that night.

Wednesday Miss Patton and I visited a house and talked to an audience of some twelve women. In the afternoon we went up to the top of the mountain, where we found the verandahs of the bungalow covered with moss, owing to the heavy rains. As we sat just before dark admiring the landscape, we saw two jackals run across the field near us. Later in the evening two men came to guard us, who, as I learned from Miss Patton, were professional thieves. They were sent by the chief officers of the village. I have read of travelers in Palestine having as guide a robber chief to keep them from being attacked by robbers, but I think this custom of "setting a thief to catch a thief" is even more unique.

Thursday night we spent in Sakar Pè, at the foot of the mountain. The two Christian women went out into the village here without us. Last night we spent at Pali, fifteen miles from Ratnagiri. The bullocks were tied in close proximity to us, so that their eating and snoring gave small chance for sleep. At 2 A.M. we rose, packed our cart and were off for Ratnagiri by 3 o'clock. How sweet it is to be at home again! I come back with new zeal and hope for work here, so that I know the change has been good for me.

CHINA.

THE NANKING REFUGEES.

Miss Lattimore, who went with the Leamans and Miss Lane, after the excitement of the riot, to Arima, Japan, wrote from there, September 15, 1891: (The Leamans had returned.)

Conditions are changed for the worse in our dear Nanking. Threats and rumors of trouble ahead have again caused the women and children to leave and detain the Leamans in Shanghai. Some sixty thousand men came to the city for the triennial examinations. This class of students and their followers are the worst enemies foreigners have in China. They threatened to burn and destroy on the 19th, the day the examinations closed. Between the demands of the foreign powers and the plotting and rebelling at home, poor China seems fated to have trouble. We cannot tell one day what will happen the next, but are thankful enough for every day which passes quietly.

We return shortly to Shanghai, to be as near as possible with our bodies where our hearts have been all along. The work seems so dear when we are forced to leave it. It was flourishing so well and we all felt that God was blessing it and us. But we have always prayed Him to hasten the coming of his kingdom and now we must stand aside and see what God will do. It seems as if we had been standing at the door knocking and trying to persuade the proud and haughty to let us come in, and now God says, "Stand aside, my messengers, and I myself will open for you."

Oh, I would not be anywhere but at that door! Meanwhile we wait and pray, and often I feel a peace and rest and certainty that we shall win, which I am persuaded comes because of the prayers of you dear home people, you who are workers with us for God and the dark hearts and homes which know Him not.

SYRIA.

THE OLD SHIP ON ANOTHER VOYAGE.

Miss Barber wrote from Beirut, after the Fall opening of the Seminary, Oct. 24, 1891:

The idea of a half hour letter to you has been floating through my brain for some days, and I have determined to set about it this morning, though perfectly positive that several half hours will elapse before its completion.

We have launched our bark for its annual run with but two thirds of the passengers who had booked to sail with us. After hearing nothing of cholera all summer the announcement that it had broken out in Damascus and that quarantine was established came like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, only three days before school was to begin. The usual panic ensued and for a time it was doubtful whether we would have any ballast for our vessel if we attempted to run her out of the dock. However, as she had been thoroughly renovated, we determined to start at the appointed time, knowing that the city itself would furnish quite a proportion of those enrolled.

The teachers, I beg pardon, the officers, were all but one in the mountains, and, with one exception, came down and took their posts. Accessions have been made to the number of passengers from day to

day, until thirty-two are now with us, in place of the forty-five at first expected. Others are coming so that if the loiterers do not hasten they may lose their places for this trip.

Reports from Damascus are said to be more encouraging. We can learn nothing definite as the mails are all stopped. If the cholera comes to Beirût and parents wish to remove their daughters they will be allowed to do so. We expect to go on with school as long as possible.

LAOS.

Rev. Robert Irwin, who went out in the autumn of 1890, wrote from Lakawn in July last:

What have I been doing these seven months? Mostly boring the missionaries for "words" and puzzling the natives by a mixture of badly-spoken Laos words put into English idiom. But somehow this is doing the work; I am learning to talk, if it is rather late in life. Shortly after I arrived, Mr. Taylor carried me off with him to a village up the river on a matter of business. Business here, however, I have learned, means an opportunity for preaching the Gospel and so, as evening drew on, the *sala* where we were staying was filled with a crowd of visitors to look at us and ask questions. Mr. Taylor and Nan Tummachi, our elder, talked till nearly midnight. About two months later, Dr. Briggs and I accompanied Mr. Wilson on a tour to the south of the Province. Dr. Briggs had his violin and magic lantern along and attracted and instructed great crowds every night, until he was called home by the illness of Mrs. Phraner. We also took a mimeograph with us and struck off a number of copies of portions of Matthew's Gospel for distribution. There were many strange, new ways to us unsophisticated Americans, some funny, some sad.

A SUGGESTIVE SCENE.

At one village we saw eleven boys received into the priesthood. I could not but look forward to the time when the North Laos Presbytery would lay hands on eleven Laos heads and set them apart to the work of preaching the everlasting Gospel.

Shortly after school opened, necessity compelled Mr. Taylor to go out of it and the same necessity compelled me to go in. I taught nine weeks and learned more than the boys did. After school closed, I went camping in the forest with Mr. Wilson, Miss Fleeson and Dr. Briggs for three weeks — three delightful weeks — eating mangoes, watching monkeys, shooting, exploring and getting young again. Since that time I have been studying hard, except two weeks while Dr. Peoples was on a tour when I superintended the building of his temporary residence and a schoolhouse on the Industrial Farm. I shall take charge of school this next term and relieve Mr. Taylor for evangelistic work. Am making a map of Laos and one of Palestine for immediate use by a class of young men that I am teaching on the life of Jesus.

The difficulties of school-teaching here, now, can hardly be exaggerated. A school without books seems a contradiction of terms, yet that is precisely our condition, unless we count three or four Siamese books, one of which is the New Testament. Siamese in Lakawn is very nearly what Latin is in an English school. All the Laos we have is a part of Matthew's Gospel and only two copies of that and a catechism. Half or more of the Christians can read Laos already, having spent from two to eight years in the monasteries, and those who cannot read are familiar with the Laos character and can learn the language much easier than where they must learn an entirely new character.

Dr. Briggs wrote asking prayer for a Laos woman whom Mrs. Briggs begun to train before her death. "She is making remarkable progress in Christian ways though not yet a professed disciple. Eight months ago she was a heathen. It helps us out here to read of the splendid practical interest the women of our Church are taking in the evangelization of their heathen sisters."

EN ROUTE FOR PERSIA.

Miss Grace Russell, of the party who sailed for Persia in September, wrote from Tiflis, Russia, October 13, 1891:

We have had a nice little farewell meeting in Mrs. Hawkes' sitting-room; read the 90th Psalm. Mr. Hawkes engaged in prayer, then we sang a hymn or two. All the party were there, with Mr. Brashear and his former Armenian teacher. It was very nice to have such a meeting; I felt quite refreshed. We are to get up at 5 A.M. to-morrow morning to start on the caravan journey, but not a caravan journey either. Our party for Oroomiah will be alone. Mr. Brashear, who came to Tabriz last year, is our escort. We go to the border of Persia in a hooded open carriage; the baggage goes on a cart. Our carriage and horses are changed at the post houses *en route*, and we rest during the night. The mornings and evenings are very cold. As this is the latter rain season we shall need all our rubber clothing.

Mrs. Hawkes says she never heard of any missionary party that all got on so well and happily together, especially such a very large party. Then, we have made such wonderful connections and have not lost a single bit of baggage, missed a train or steamboat (or a lady, either), nor had one accident. And as there have been no delays we have had an unusually quick trip. All in answer to the prayers of the home friends, we decided, when Miss Leinbach, Miss McCampbell, Dr. Miller and I talked it over on Sunday.

HOME DEPARTMENT

MONTHLY MEETING.—*January.*

"Have the romance and adventure and high purpose of life all faded out? Or is there an inspiring vision?"

Scripture Text, 1 Cor. 15-58.—Be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

Scripture Reading, Luke ii., 8-21.

General Topic.—A GLANCE AT OUR MISSIONARY WORK AS A WHOLE.

Where are the headquarters of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church? Name the Officers of the Board. How many Women's Societies or Boards working in connection with this Board? Name them and their headquarters. To which of these Societies does your auxiliary belong? To what work are you contributing? What amount was recommended by the General Assembly to be raised for Foreign Missions this year? Prayer for the various Boards and their Officers, and for a blessing upon all efforts to diffuse intelligence and to secure increased contributions.

Name the countries where our Missions are established in the order in which they are arranged for prayer and study, that is, state what country we remember in February, what in March, etc., etc. Mention the countries where there have been special hindrances during the year, and the causes thereof; countries where apprehensions have been removed. Give the aggregate of additions to the churches during 1890-91; of increase in the number of pupils.

How many physicians under the Presbyterian Board? How many of them women? How many Hospitals and Dispensaries? Where are these Hospitals? point out the places on the map. Name the physicians in charge. (For the above refer to opening pages of 54th Annual Report of Board of Foreign Missions. It will require a little industry and ingenuity to find out the names of the Hospitals and physicians.)

Prayer for a blessing upon all these physicians and those who come under their care, upon the native physicians whom they have trained, and upon all who are preparing for medical work, whether at home or upon the foreign field.

English-speaking Peoples and Foreign Missions (*The Church*, Sept., '91). Arouse enthusiasm by giving the salient points of this paper, showing that the widespread colonization of the English races, their world-wide power and the predominance of the English language point to them as the people to whom are entrusted "the oracles of God," as to the Jew of old.

The fruits of missionary work strikingly illustrated in two articles found side by side, referring to the recent death of two of the earliest converts, one in Persia, the other in India (Refer to "A Life Worth Living," and "A Useful Life in India," *The Church*, Nov. '91).

E. M. R.

SOME AUDITED ACCOUNTS.

[All of the following instances are genuine.—EDITOR.]

An invalid whose thoughts had for years centred upon herself, one day became interested in an article upon mission life in Africa. To gain more information upon the subject she sent for missionary magazines and maps and was led to make a thorough study of it. Kindred articles in the magazines upon the numbers and state of the heathen in various countries interested her still more deeply and her eyes were opened to the need of work among them. She resolved to devote an hour a day to reading upon the subject and another hour to prayer for the success of missions, making mention of such special cases as had touched her heart.

This awakening to the importance of work for Christ in foreign lands was an introduction to greater interest in home missions and in the poor and forlorn of her own neighborhood. Life became a new joy to her. Correspondence with missionaries and workers at home was a source of delight as well as profit. She saw the four walls of her room widen to take in the whole world. Prayer, which grew from petitions for others into close communion with Christ, became the luxury of her daily living.

No longer known merely as the invalid of the neighborhood, she was recognized as the missionary encyclopedia, the moving spring in the organization of the various societies and working circles that one after another sprang up in the valley. Being herself awakened, she worked to arouse others to the needs of the poor, the suffering and the unconverted in all lands.

And with these new interests there came to her greater bodily strength and the power of forgetting her own pain and weakness in enjoyment of the tasks she undertook for the dear Lord's sake.

A young man of fine intellectual promise, upon finishing his course of study in the schools, found two paths open before him. The one apparently led to high favor and marked usefulness in the Church at home. The other to a life of deprivation and harder service in a mission field. Both calls seemed equally direct and urgent. The young man's friends thought he need not consider the latter. "Here," they said, "is your place. Here is work—hard work. Your gifts, the talents God has entrusted to you, will find their proper development only in an atmosphere of this kind."

"Let me listen to the Holy Spirit," he answered, and guided by that spirit he left friends and home, crossed the ocean and undertook the humbler service. Compensations were showered upon him from the first. He found a keen enjoyment in study of the ancient literature of that foreign land. He found himself honored and loved by the people among whom he worked and his soul went out in love to them. He found his judgment deferred to; his discretion needed; all his gifts and graces put daily to their highest use; himself a "tower of strength" to the many that leaned upon him. More than all, he saw come into the Church of "such as shall be saved"; those who without him would in all human probability never have heard of Christ and His invitation.

His life was short, but he seemed to have accomplished more than many do who work for decades of years. And when he was called to higher service in the Upper Sanctuary, the loving friends who were ministering to him fancied they almost heard the "Welcome" and the "Well done, good and faithful servant."

A young woman who had, as she believed, found her place in the world's work where she could serve with ready tongue and ready pen, was urged to give herself to service as a foreign missionary. "How can I go?" she said. "I am needed here; I am willing to go, but this work seems to me as important as the other."

"Watch the Providences," was the direction she received.

Soon a friend as bright and energetic as herself volunteered to undertake her public duties. The dear mother, whose pride and joy she was, willingly gave consent to her going. The church society in which she was a beloved helper offered a hearty support. After a few months' preparation she started off bright, brave and hopeful in appearance but sad at heart over the partings, the breaking of ties, the beloved work left behind.

Was she a loser by it all? The long journey to the somewhat obscure mission station to which she had been assigned gave her something of the coveted culture which comes from foreign travel. At her journey's end a welcome and a home awaited her. Some work there was ready to her hand and more which she could develop according to the bent of her mind. The foreign language which she must study proved interesting—another source of culture. The people by whom she was surrounded appreciated her knowledge of human nature and her sympathy for them, both in great part the results of her home experience. Long before she had well acquired the language, she was able to influence them and help them to higher things.

And having made a sacrifice for Christ's sake He more than made it up to her in the love by which He surrounded her, the influence and other gifts He gave to her and by the daily consciousness of His own Presence with her. She yet "goeth on her way rejoicing."

There was a mother who had spent the best years of her life in toil for her fatherless children. When they had grown to be both help and comfort, two of them besought her to allow them to go as missionaries to a distant land. "Two?" she said. "The gift of one has loomed up before me, as large a sacrifice as it is possible for a mother to make."

But her children made their plea. Calls for their services were importunate, but they would not go without her consent. The life-long habit of prayer came to her aid. Telling it all to Jesus, she received strength to give them up willingly, even cheerfully; to aid them in many ways and to bid them God speed on their journey.

How swiftly came the "recompense of the reward!" Their letters seemed to her the most delightful and entrancing literature—to be read and re-read when alone—to be copied for societies; to be culled from to influence this and that indifferent one. The blessings that came to her far-away children were to her tenfold blessings.

She had always worked for the poor of

the neighborhood; for the Indians and the freedmen; but, now, she redoubled her efforts for them. "Why," she said, "should foreign missions bear reproach because home missions are neglected?" In all the later years of her life those who came within the circle of her influence were conscious that there had been given to her, in a remarkable degree, the "assurance of faith, peace of conscience, joy in the Holy Ghost, increase of grace and perseverance therein to the end."

These accounts examined and audited this day, March 29, 1891.

A Missionary.

CALLED ASIDE.

[This poem by our Missionary was written at Macao, China, fifteen months ago, while convalescing from serious illness. Pictures of the sanitarium and the surroundings here described may be found in *Woman's Work*, February, 1891. The poem appeared in a local Ohio paper from which we have borrowed it.—EDITOR.]

There seemed no time for rest. Each busy hour
Was more than filled with its allotted task.
And yet there came a voice which would be heard,
That bade me come aside and rest awhile—
And then the tide of busy life rolled on
And I was left outside the accustomed round
Of daily duties. So I turned away
And to this quiet haven entered in—
But not a desert place: soft breezes blow,
The breath of flowers is in the balmy air,
And song of birds and sound of rustling leaves,
And ever the low murmur of the sea.

The open windows of my room reveal
Visions of beauty from the outside world.
One casement frames a quiet restful scene:
A group of trees whose graceful branches sway
In every passing breeze, and here and there
On trailing creepers lovely flowers bloom;
Anon the feathered songsters come and sing
Their joyful songs of praise; hills rise behind,
And over all the beautiful blue sky;
And now and then piles of soft, fleecy clouds
Drift slowly by, sometimes of purest white,
Or tinted with the rosy hues of morn,
Or brilliant with the sunset's golden glow.
Another shows a barren, rocky hill.
Around the base a wealth of verdure grows,
And shrubs and bits of green climb half way up
The steep ascent; above, a sandy slope
Thick strewn with rugged rocks rises until
Its summit seems to touch the heaven's blue dome;
And all day long sunlight and shadows play
Among the rocks, and clouds and sunshine give
An ever-varying picture to the view;
And when the darker tints of evening fall,
And twilight shadows in the hollows sleep
Or hide behind the rocks, the light and shade
Transforming all the rugged outlines lend
A new and lovelier beauty to the scene.

And yet one picture more—the restless sea,
Now calm and peaceful as a summer's eve,
And scarce a ripple its smooth surface stirs.
Sometimes the waves break softly on the shore
Like gentle whispers from some far-off land,
And then "the music in the waters" swells
The full, deep chorus of the wind-swept waves,
And every changing mood is beautiful.

Two angels guard the entrance to this haven;
Their names are Peace and Rest, and all life's cares
And anxious thought, for me, are left outside;
And here I wait the message that will come
To tell me what the future days will bring.
I know it may be that the gates of pearl
Lie just beyond my sight, and some sweet day
The mists will clear away and I shall see
The opening portals, and shall hear
The welcoming voices of the heavenly throng.
It would be sweet to go,—
And yet,
The tendrils of affection closely cling
Around the loved of earth, and many plans
And cherished hopes still their fulfillment wait;
And so I fain would stay and longer fill
My wonted place amid the ranks with those
Who sow and reap in life's great harvest field;
For, from the long Hereafter who would miss
A few short years? And yet, full well I know
God's plans await no feeble human aid
For their development, and He alone
Knows what for me is best.

So, quietly, with folded hands I wait,
And as I watch the sails go to and fro
Under the sunshine o'er the dancing waves,
Across the harbor from some distant shore,
I fancy that, like them, my little barque
Is calmly floating on Life's fitful sea.
The oars have fallen from my weary hands
And I am drifting, only drifting, now.
I cannot know whether the rising tide
Will bear me back to health and strength again
And all the joys and cares of busy life,
Or if its ebb will carry me beyond
All earthly sights and sounds. But this I know,
That One who loves me, One whom I have loved
Through many years, is close beside me now;
His hand is on the helm and where He guides
I need not fear to sail; for, here or there,
His love is still the same.—So I can wait
And listen for the message that will come
Some day to tell me if my work is done,
Or, bid me rise and, with new health and strength,
Some glad to-morrow gather up again
The work that yesterday fell from my hands.

Harriet Noyes.

SUGGESTION CORNER.

A WORKER writes from Denver:

"A lady, speaking with me of missionaries who have lately gone out, said: 'I cannot keep track of all the missionaries now nor even remember their names, and *I am glad of it!*'

"I am glad, too, that so many are going that we cannot remember their names.

Few generals know all the men in their armies, but God counts and He knows how many have gone forth and how many should go who still tarry at home. When the Holy Spirit of missions comes upon the churches in His almighty power, it will be easier to count the careless ones who have no part nor lot in this glorious work than the earnest ones who are breaking down the walls of Satan's strongholds."

A PERTINENT little leaflet for the close of the year is *Twenty Questions*, published by the Lutheran women. Ordered from 38 East Huntingdon Ave., Baltimore. Six cents a dozen.

FROM Germantown comes another endorsement of *Bible Light on Mission Paths*. "Two or three voices often make the most effective and best remembered Bible reading.

WHAT CAN WE DO TO INCREASE INTEREST IN OUR MEETINGS?

THIS is the question which will confront many of us at this season. We cannot keep pace with the times or with the evil in the world, without putting forth greater efforts each year.

The Auxiliary of which the writer is a member has twenty-five names enrolled of those who are "in good and regular standing" in the society. The average attendance is ten; this in a church membership of 150. What can we do to bring out more members of the Church?

Many of the ladies are members of the Woman's Relief Corps, the W. C. T. U., and other societies, and are interested in them. But when these same ladies come to missionary meetings they seem to feel no special interest, and after attending once, perhaps do not come again for six months.

Is it possible that the regular members do not try hard enough to interest others? Or is it owing to a certain unfortunate exclusiveness in those who have always borne the burden and who forget that they might have help from new hands and voices if they sought it more diligently? Perhaps there is, as a certain missionary said, "too much clink of the silver" and an anxiety to make a good report at annual meeting and too little spirituality about our work. It seems (and this applies to other societies) that sometimes, in our efforts to raise money to send missionaries to the heathen, we forget what the missionary is going so far from home *to teach*.

What can we do to make missionary interest more general? Cannot some of the successful and enthusiastic workers tell us, and help, not only this particular society, but many another which is looking anxiously down the church pews upon the good sisters who appreciate the benefits of the Gospel for themselves, but forget its necessity for others? *C. H. D.*

SINCE LAST MONTH.

ARRIVALS.

October 7.—At Lahore, India, Miss Thiede returned from Germany accompanied by her niece.

November 21.—At New York, Mrs. R. E. Abbey, of Nanking. Address for the present, 53 Fifth Ave., New York.

DEPARTURES.

November 18.—From New York, Rev. Joseph Graham, returning to South India.
Miss Geisinger returning to Dehra, India.
Same date.—From Vancouver, Mr. Jeremiassen, returning to Hainan, China.
December 5.—From New York, Mrs. T. S. Pond, to join her husband at Barranquilla, Colombia.
December 9.—From San Francisco, Miss Jean M. S. Suter, of Geneva, Switzerland, to Hainan.

To the Auxiliaries.

[For address of each headquarters and lists of officers see third page of cover.]

From Philadelphia.

Send all letters to 1334 Chestnut Street.
Directors' Meeting first Tuesday of the month, at 11.30 A.M., and prayer-meeting third Tuesday, at 12 M., in the Assembly Room. Visitors welcome.

SOON after this number of the magazine reaches you the Week of Prayer will open with its opportunities and privileges. Prayer meetings will be held at the Assembly Rooms on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 12 o'clock, and on Thursday and Saturday at 3 P.M., to which all are welcome. The special subject for Thursday is, as usual, *Prayer for Our Missionaries and Their Children*, and we ask all our Auxiliaries to have the subject in prayerful remembrance, and, if possible, hold a meeting in unison with ours. Printed lists of the subjects for the week may be obtained by sending a stamp for postage.

A CHANGE in our Recording Secretary has been made necessary by the marriage of Miss Massey, who has filled the office so acceptably for the past three years. Mrs. J. R. Miller takes up the pen in her place and we are glad that, as Mrs. Dingee, we may still retain Miss Massey on our Board of Directors.

WE have had with us at recent meetings Miss West of Japan; Dr. Mary Fulton of China, and Mrs. W. K. Eddy of Syria. Dr. Fulton is attending medical lectures and clinics as preparation for future work and will spend part of the winter in Baltimore. Letters will reach her if sent to 1334 Chestnut St., or inquiries as to her engagements may be addressed to our Presbyterial Secretary, Mrs. William Watters, who has charge of all correspondence with reference to missionary speakers.

A Plea for Siam comes to us from a young Siamese girl who has been for a few years a student at Oxford, Ohio, and who longs earnestly for the gospel for her native land. By the kindness of one of our ladies, it is printed for free circulation and may be obtained by sending postage.

A CAREFUL revision of the *Question Book on the North American Indians* has been made. Dr. Ellinwood says of it: "It is a splendid book to have in any family." Price 5 cents.

THE following new leaflets have been previously noticed, but it is thought best to mention them again:

	EACH.	PER DOZ.
A Band Leader's Suggestions, . .	$0.02	$0.15
Hadn't it better be in circulation, . . .	.01	.10
Mrs. Agnew canvassing for Magazines,	.02	.15
Our Work Abroad, ...	.02	.15
Social Element in Missionary Work, .	.02	.15
What is a Zenana?	.01	.10
The Lord's Share, ...	25 cts.	a hundred
Plea for Siam, ...		Free
Sending Forth, ...		Free

ORDERS for leaflets and other helps should always be sent to the headquarters of *your own Society*, and postage enclosed for free publications, envelopes and mite boxes. We would remind the Band leaders again of the Membership Certificates offered to those who contribute not less than twenty-five cents a year. Postage on these is four cents a dozen.

WE shall keep on hand a supply of the silver badges intended for the use of Auxiliaries. Price 25 cents each.

DO not forget to order the Foreign Missionary Calendar for 1892, for yourself and your friends. Price 30 cents. Postage 5 cents.

A NUMBER of Mission Band workers of Philadelphia and vicinity came together in the Assembly Room on the afternoon of October 17 for an informal conference. These gatherings give opportunity for practical suggestions, for exchange of ideas and for prayer. On November 16 the Anniversary of the Mission Bands of Philadelphia was held at the West Spruce Street Church and, in spite of the rain, a good number of the young people and their friends gathered to hear an address by Rev. J. H. Laughlin of China.

From Chicago.

Meetings at Room 48 McCormick Block every Friday at 10 A.M. Visitors welcome.

WE hope that in many places plans have been made for union meetings during the Week of Prayer. It may be remembered that last year we had one or two reports of the great helpfulness of those yearly union meetings of various denominations, to learn more of each other's interests and to unite in prayer to the Father for his continued blessing on efforts to send the Good Tidings to all nations.

HERE in Chicago there will be an all day meeting, each denomination taking entire charge of a certain hour. A committee, appointed the year previous, meet in December and arrange the programme. In smaller places such a long meeting might not be desirable. Let us hear of many blessed communion seasons.

WE were exceedingly glad one Friday to have with us Rev. and Mrs. Woods of China, missionaries of the Southern Board. Mr. Woods told of pleasant intercourse with our missionaries at Wei Hien, and of the especial needs of woman's work; also of many genuine conversions which had come under his own observation.

THE Friday when the subject of Syria was studied, we had with us Dr. F. C. Wells, who for a few years has been a member of the faculty of the Syrian Protestant College at Beirût. He told of grand work done in the educational line, and of the press which is sending out its millions of pages of Scripture and Protestant works to Arabic-speaking people everywhere.

ALL were happy one week to hear and see Miss Berry of the Occidental Board. She presented to us very vividly the work done by that Board in rescuing and caring for the little Chinese girls who are brought to their city; the time was all too short to hear what we wished of that work.

WE had the pleasure of several brief talks from Rev. Samuel Jessup, who has spent a little time here looking up the Syrians who are in our midst.

Rev. and Mrs. Porter have also been with us, giving us word from Japan from time to time. We had the pleasure one day of greeting their sister who was passing through the city.

REV. CHAS. TRACY, president of the college at Marsovan, Turkey, with a map made by a Native Christian, showed us where Father Goodell, the pioneer, entered Turkey, and then pointed out the many places where now churches and schools are giving light in that land. He said the growth there was far greater than in America. We have the promise of another talk from him.

WE have beautiful Foreign Mission badges, made of silver, and having the inscription, *The World for Christ.* Price 25 cents, postpaid.

NEW LEAFLETS:	EACH.	PER DOZ.
A Plea for Siam,	.01	.10
Systematic Giving,	.01	.10
Silver basins of a second sort,	.02	.15
Woman's Debt to Christ,	30 cts. per hundred.	

Address the W. P. B. M., Room 48 McCormick Block, Chicago, Ill. We repeat a request made some months since. When our friends send for but one copy of a leaflet, the price of which is one or two cents, they should remember to enclose an additional cent for postage. We make the price as low as possible on the leaflets and need to have at least the postage paid on such an order.

From New York.

Prayer-meeting at 53 Fifth Ave. the first Wednesday of each month at 10.30 A.M. Each other Wednesday there is a half-hour meeting for prayer and the reading of missionary letters, commencing at the same hour.

MISS AMANDA S. JEFFERSON and Miss Emily T. Minor, who were mentioned in our last annual report as under appointment and who sailed in September for India, have had unusual training to fit them for the evangelistic work they hope to undertake in connection with the Kolhapur Mission. They worked seven or eight years in New York City Missions and left to the great regret of all connected with them. The value of practical experience inevitable to Mission work, like this at home, is more and more recognized among the qualifications for work abroad.

The last letters state that they have reached Kolhapur and have vigorously attacked the language.

MRS. WALTER B. TOY, who has recently gone with her husband to Petchaburee, Siam, and is under the charge of our Board, adds another to the list of workers for whom we are indebted to our Presbyterian Sisterhood across the border —being from Toronto, Canada.

AND as Mrs. Toy has come from the North—we have been permitted to welcome another helper from the East—from across the Atlantic and from a Sister Republic. Miss J. M. S. Sutor of Geneva, Switzerland, happened during the summer to go up to Denmark. She had always wished to go as a foreign Missionary, and had had a nurse's training. She became interested in what Mr. Jeremiassen, who was then at home, told of his work and the need of help in our Mission in Hainan. She volunteered to go, and the Swiss church having no Mission in that country she has gone under our own Board. Do we not all remember Mrs. Wellington White's pleas for Hainan? But the vacancies are not yet filled. Mrs. Briggs, Mrs. Phraner, Miss Seward, M.D., whom God has gathered to Himself. Miss Babbit invalided and at home. Mrs. Abbey obliged to return to this country since her husband's death, as here only can she care for his children. Mrs. Wellington White still suffering from the terrible accident of July last. Are there no others to take the work these busy hands have rested from?

WITH infinite regret at their last meeting the Board of Managers were called upon to accept the resignation of Miss H. W. Hubbard as one of the Home Secretaries. Miss Hubbard came into the Board during the life time of Mrs. Graham, its first president, and from the very first took an absorbing interest in its well being, in its development and growth. To her as much, perhaps, as to any other one person, it probably owes its present standing, and she has been a veritable tower of strength to her associates. While, because of home duties devolving upon her in consequence of the death of her only sister who had been her inseparable companion from childhood, she feels obliged to lay aside her duties as Secretary, it is greatly hoped that she will feel it possible for her to retain her connection with the Board as a Manager.

THE Calendars are ready—send in orders promptly—30 cents each. 5 cents postage.

From Northern New York.

THE Secretaries report that they have had no call, as yet, for the Board certificates; would it not be advisable for Band Leaders to send for sample copies?

ALL will have read with interest the notice of Miss Christensen's shipwreck and will have rejoiced that her life was spared. We shall hope ere long to chronicle her safe arrival at Gaboon.

DEAR CO-WORKERS.—Pardon a few words "to stir you up, by putting you in remembrance." In less than "four months, there cometh harvest." What shall it be in every Auxiliary of the Society of Northern New York? What is its promise? Is each one now preparing to come up to the Annual Meeting with full sheaves?

If there are discouragements let them not diminish effort—with God are the results of service.

Are the contributions lessening? Seek for the reasons why and, if possible, "bring the ranks up to the standards."

If gifts have increased, strive to multiply them ten-fold. A rich reward awaits those who bring all the tithes into the storehouse.

The echo of the notes of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men," have not yet died away. Hearts still thrill with the joy of the Christmas-tide. The Merry Christmas precedes the Happy New Year.

Have we grasped the idea? Can we fully enter into the significance of the advent season, if we fail in the beginning of the New Year to renew our allegiance to the Christ-Child?

Pledging this, how can we prove our loyalty better than by striving through our gifts, our efforts and our prayers, to hasten that time when it shall truly be said of all who dwell in heathen lands, "the people that walked in darkness *have seen* a great light."

HUDSON, N. Y. *Kate G. Yeisley.*

From St. Louis.

Meetings at 1107 Olive Street, first and third Tuesdays of every month. Visitors are welcome. Leaflets and missionary literature obtained by sending to 1107 Olive Street.

THE Annual Thanksgiving Service of the Board was held in the First Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, Dr. Martin's, on Nov. 24. It was an occasion of interest and profit. Our President mentioned among causes for thankfulness as a Board, that no serious illness had come to any of our number, our meetings had occurred uninterruptedly and, best of all, no good thing of God's promises had failed us. The pleasure of Miss Cole's presence added much to the interest of the meeting. She told us of the Wang Lang School, Bangkok, and added to our thankful mood by a vivid contrast between Siamese heathen and American Christian women. We thank God for Miss Cole and the work He has given her to do in Siam.

IT is not too early to begin praying for our next Annual Meeting.

WE are thankful to hear that Miss McGuire of Osaka escaped injury, though much shaken up by the recent appalling earthquake disaster in Japan.

IS the interest in Yamaguchi widening and deepening among the Bands? Descriptive circulars of this special object can be had at any time by sending to 1107 Olive St.

WE are to have a new Secretary—one for Y. P. S. C. E. Societies.

NOTICE is called to the silver missionary badges now to be had at headquarters. Let us "show our colors" by wearing a badge round as the world, and with our conquering hope engraved upon it—"The World for Christ."

PAST experience has proven that the Missionary Calendars are valuable helps to prayer for and personal interest in our Missionaries. Send for one for yourself, and six for New Year's greetings for your friends. Especially those not interested in Missions.

IT is cheering to know that the expenses of our leaflet and publication work are fully met by a steady income from the sale of them. Do all our officers know the value of using these leaflets freely?

ONCE more—remember the fiscal year is running away! Our treasurer's receipts do not indicate that we are to attain our mark of $10,000 for Foreign Missions, unless we have united praying and giving. And are we making every effort to reach our 1,000 subscribers for *Woman's Work*?

"*Bright Spots in a Dark Subject*," bearing the well-known initials, H. P. C., price 2 cents, 15 cents per dozen, is one of our recent publications. Also, *Woman's Commission* (poem), 10 cents per dozen. *The Last Words of Our Lord* (poem), 5 cents per dozen. *Diversities of Gifts*, 5 cents per dozen. *A Plea for Siam*, by a Siamese Christian, 1 cent, 10 cents per dozen. *Mrs. Agnew Canvassing for Magazines*, 2 cents, 15 cents per dozen.

For any of these leaflets address W. B. S. W., 1107 Olive St., St. Louis.

From San Francisco.

Board Meeting, first Monday of each month, at 933 Sacramento Street; business meeting at 10.30 A.M.; afternoon meeting and exercises by Chinese girls in the Home at 2 P.M. Visitors welcome.

HAPPY New Year greetings from this side the Continent to every reader of *Woman's Work*.

THE last letters from our Missionary to Persia, Miss Grace Russell, were written just after the party of travelers had separated, each for his or her own part of Persia. [See "Letters" in this magazine, ED.] Doubtless Miss Russell will be hard at word in Oroomiah ere these lines are read. How little we can know of the tender pathos of that farewell meeting. I could but think of the parting hours of our Saviour and his chosen ones, as his followers nearly 2,000 years later, "In His Name" sang a hymn.

AT the last meeting of the Occidental Board, Mrs. Lowrie and her son, the Rev. Walter Lowrie, were once more with us, and the earnest words of Mr. Lowrie will long be remembered. He told us of the Chinese girls in their own country, and that one might think we were in China, all is so like the Chinese girls and the work here. While the meeting was in session, three Missionaries *en route* to Siam entered and said a few words, and at the close of the meeting received many a cordial hand-shake.

OUR Secretary, Miss Berry, gives glowing accounts of her interview with the Eastern workers, of their cordial reception and pleasant hospitality, and returns feeling more than ever that our work is a wonderful one, the Christian women of our American Church all united in work for the heathen women among whom she was in China, and whose needs she so well knows.

THE Treasurer of our Board, Mrs. L. A. Kelley, has been suddenly bereaved. She was telegraphed to that her husband, who had been taken ill on his way to the East, was alarmingly ill in Cleveland, and reached there only a few hours before he passed away. It was, indeed, a sad home-coming. Our Board has just prepared a brief tribute to the memory of Mrs. Mary Morris, of Philadelphia, who was so long with us and reached her old home and church there a little while before she entered heaven.

MRS. STURGE, a returned missionary from Siam, who was to have taken the California department of *Children's Work*, has been ill, and will be unable to conduct it. Mrs. Sturge's many Eastern friends will regret this, but will be delighted to hear that Mrs. I. M. Condit,

who holds young children's interest so well in speaking, is to take the place. There will be many a sketch of the life of Chinese girls sold into slavery.

THE fund for our new Home for Chinese girls progresses slowly, but still progresses.

WE are going to increase the subscriptions to *our magazine, Woman's Work*, tenfold this coming year, we hope. It will be a happy day for missions when every Presbyterian woman in America reads *that* magazine.

Mrs. P. D. Browne.

NEW AUXILIARIES AND BANDS.

ILLINOIS.
Arcola (reorg.).
Carbondale, The Gleaners.
Upper Alton.

IOWA.
Bedford, Morning Star Ch.
Princeton, Busy Bees, Y. L.

KANSAS.
Smith Centre, Willing Workers.

KENTUCKY.
Owensburg.

MISSOURI.
Carrollton, Willing Workers.
Ironton, Helping Hands.
Osceola, Helping Hands.

NEW JERSEY.
Hackettstown, Y. P. S. C. E.
Milford, Y. P. S. C. E.
Oxford, 1st Ch., Y. P. S. C. E.
Stillwater, Y. P. S. C. E.
Trenton, Prospect St. Ch., Y. P. S. C. E.

NEW YORK.
Union Springs, Y. L. M. S.

OHIO.
Dayton, 4th Ch., Buds of Promise.
Liberty, Y. P. S. C. E.
Mt. Vernon, Y. P. S. C. E.
Piqua, Y. P. S. C. E.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Clearfield, Y. P. S. C. E.
Germantown, 1st Ch., Y. P. S. C. E.
Lewistown, Y. P. S. C. E.
Philipsburg, Y. P. S. C. E.
Ridley Park, Mite Gatherers.
Roxborough, King's Servants.
Shenandoah, Junior Y. P. S. C. E.

Receipts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church from November 1, 1891.

[PRESBYTERIES IN SMALL CAPITALS.]

BALTIMORE.—Baltimore, Aisquith St., 45; Boundary Ave., 31.75; Central, 100; 1st, S. S., 125; 2d, 9.60, Earnest Workers, 5, Willing Hearts, 12.50; Lafayette Sq., 27.09, Earnest Workers, 26.33; Deer Creek, Harmony, 17.35; Ellicott City, Rose of Sharon Bd., 33.50; Govanstown, 13.75; Hagerstown, 25; Lonaconing, 20; Baltimore, Mrs. J. B. Moore Bristor, 28.75, 520.62

CINCINNATI.—Avondale, 70; Cincinnati, 1st, 7.36, Lights for Darkness, 75; 2d Ch. 100; 3d Ch., 25, Y. P. S. C. E., 5, S. S., 20; 6th, Pearl Gatherers, 30; 7th Ch., 31.75; Central, a lady, 50; Mt. Auburn, 65; Westminster, 20; Glendale, 6.75; Hartwell, 10; Madeira, 1; Madisonville, 8.50; Morrow, 14.75; Montgomery, 11.50; Westwood, 25; Williamsburg, 3; Wyoming, 31.80, Willing Workers, 10, 621.41

COLUMBUS.—Central College, 5; Columbus, 2d, 14.45, Y. L. B., 23, Harriet Moore Bd., 6.50, Mrs. W. G. Dunn, 45; Broad St., 150; Fifth Ave., 6.30; Westminster, 6.83; London, 12.50, Finley Bd., 12.50, Mrs. Finley, 7; Westerville, 10, 299.08

HOLSTON.—Greeneville, 25; Jeroldstown, 2.50; Jonesboro', 20, Y. P. S., 10.02, Mountain Gleaners, 2,41; Mt. Bethel, 15.75, Cheerful Givers, 9; Salem, 11, Y. L. B., 11.53, Broylesville Helpers, 1.25, King's Children, 6.10; Timber Ridge, 2.55, 117.11

JERSEY CITY.—Arlington, 15; Hoboken, 1st, 50, Wood Violets, 20; Jersey City, 1st, 75; 2d Ch., 10; Claremont, Y. P. S. C. E., 5; Scotch, 20; Westminster, 9; Passaic, 1st, 87.60; Paterson, 1st, 50.25, Y. P. S., 40; Rutherford, 56.69; Tenafly, 55, 493.54

KITTANNING.—Apollo, 33,26, Hopeful Bd., 3.09, Faithful Workers, 1.15; Elders Ridge, Y. P. S. C. E., 10; Elderton, 11.85; Indiana, 75; Kittanning, 200; Leechburg, 50; Marion, 14.50; Saltsburg, 17.50; West Glade Run, 25; West Lebanon, 12.70, 444.05

LACKAWANNA.—Ashley, 8.45; Athens, 15,50, Willing Workers, 3.45, S. S., 5; Canton, 8; Carbondale, 25; E. Canton, 1.50; Honesdale, 48.88, Mizpah Bd., 12.50; Kingston, 20.85; Langcliffe, 30; Monroeton, 12.50; Pittston, 6, Parke Bd., 15; Plymouth, 17.75; Scranton, 1st, 75, Juvenile Ass'n, 125; Scranton, 2d, 25; Scranton, Providence Guild, 25; Scranton, Washburn St., 17.90, Kefr Shima Bd., 25; Shickshinny, 19; Stevensville, 9, Youth's Bd., 4; Towanda, 50, Overton Bd., 7.50, Stewart Bd., 7.50; Troy, 20, Birthday Bd., 6.25; Tunkhannock, 25; Wells and Columbia, 10; W. Pittston, 26, D. Livingstone Bd., 12, Y. P. B., 10.50; Wilkes-Barré, 1st, 82; Wilkes-Barré, Memorial, Whosoever Will Bd., 20; Wyalusing, 1st, 10; Wyoming, 50, 892.03

LEHIGH.—Shenandoah, Y. P. S. C. E., 1.00

MARION.—Berlin, 8, Youthful Warriors, 15; Delaware, 45, Y. P. B., 100, Gleaners, 5; Jerome, 13.10; Liberty, Y. P. S. C. E., 3; Marion, 25, Y. P. S., 5.50; Marysville, 20; Mt. Gilead, 16, Y. P. S., 3,55; Trenton, 25, 284,15

NEWARK.—Bloomfield, 1st, 112.50; Bloomfield, Westminster, 112.50, Y. L. B., 30; Caldwell, 28; Montclair, 1st, 100; Newark, 3d, 18; Calvary, 30; Central, 50; High St., 43.75; Park, 125; Roseville, 53; S. Park, 207.11 (less 67.00, Pres. expenses), 841,96

NEW BRUNSWICK.—Milford, Y. P. S. C. E., 5; Trenton, Prospect St., Y. P. S. C. E., 1, 6.00

NEW CASTLE.—Chesapeake City, What-we-can Bd., 5; Dover, 27.91; Elkton, 3.25; Federalsburg, 3; Forest, 34.36; Glasgow, 12.35; Head of Christiana, 14; Lewes, 11.10; Manokin, 12; Newark, 12; Pitts Creek, 20; Port Deposit, 20; Port Penn, 3; Rehoboth, Del., 4; Rock, 6; White Clay Creek, 12; Wicomico, 10; Wilmington, Central, Y. P. S., 70; 1st Ch., Willing Workers, 7.33, Y. L. B., 5; Hanover St., 16.25; Rodney St., 17.35; West, 24, Y. P. S., 21, Happy Workers, 12; Zion, 4.95, Y. L. B., 1.92, Y. P. S. C. E., 2.50, 392.27

NEWTON.—Stillwater, Y. P. S. C. E., 2.00

PITTSBURG AND ALLEG. COM.—Allegheny, 1st German, Good-Will Workers, 5, Friendship Bd., 2; Allegheny, McClure Ave., 21.75; Allegheny, North, 42.50; Avalon (W. Bellevue), Berean Bd., 25; Crafton, Cheerful Workers, 12.50; Emsworth, 38; Evans City, 19.30; Glenshaw, 12; Hazlewood, 25; Hoboken, Y. L. B., 10; Lebanon, Y. P. S., 95; Leetsdale, 58.85; McDonald, 27.66; McKee's Rocks, 12.50; Mansfield, 20; Monongahela City, 50; Oakdale, 11.55; Oakmont (Verona), 9.50; Pittsburg, Bellefield, 38; E. Liberty, 90.60, Gospel Bells, 12.72, Mrs. A. Montgomery, 5; Lawrenceville, 20, Willing Workers, 6; Park Ave., Gleaners, 28; Rochester, 5, McCauley Bd., 5; Sewickley, 47.57; Sharpsburg, Y. L. B., 8; Springdale, Sentinels, in memoriam, Lucy Eloise Mays, 23.75; Wilkinsburg, R. J. Reed Bd., 60, 851.32

SHENANGO.—New Brighton, Mrs. M. E. Palmer, 100.00

SYRACUSE.—Syracuse, Park Central, 150.00

UNION.—Hopewell, 3.50; Knoxville, 2d, 26.30, Mrs. Rhea, 25; Knoxville, 4th, 17.50; New Providence, 18; Rockford, 5; St. Paul's, 7.50; Shannondale, 12.50, Golden Rule Bd., 5; Westminster, 6, 126.30

WASHINGTON CITY.—Covenant, 115.53

LEGACY.—Miss Sidney I. Scott, dec'd, Wooster, O., 300.00

MISCELLANEOUS.—Carlisle, Pa., Dr. Zatae Longsdorff, *refunded*, 125; Manayunk, Pa., Samuel W. Brown, 200; Merchantville, N. J., a lady, 50 cts.; Phila., E. M. S., 2, M., 20, bal. from Bd. meeting, 15; Rutherford, N. J., extra penny-a-day club, 15; Trenton, N. J., anon., 5, 382.50

Total for November, 1891,	$6,950.87
Total since May 1, 1891,	30,698.03

In November *Woman's Work*, Germantown (Phila.) 1st Ch. should have been credited with $100 and Miriam Bd., $7. A Christmas barrel has been sent to the Indians at Pine Ridge, Dak., by friends in Philadelphia.

MRS. JULIA M. FISHBURN, *Treas.*,
Dec. 1, 1891. 1334 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Receipts of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest to November 20, 1891.

BOULDER.—Boulder, Y. L. S., 12.33

CENTRAL DAKOTA.—Artesian, 2.50; Howell, Bd., 2; Huron, 11.75, Oliver Bd., 15.22; St, Lawrence, 5, 36.47

CHICAGO.—Chicago, 1st, 60.50; 2d, 14.25, Y. L. S., 2.40; 4th, 127.86, Y. W. S., 22.75, Y. P. S. C. E., 37.68; Forty-first St. Ch., 25; Belden Ave. Ch., 19.25; Ch. of the Covenant, 17.30; Hyde Park, 80, Y. W. S., 21.45; Lake Forest, 129, Y. P. S., 30.16; Oak Park, 3.90; S. Evanston, 20; one

who loves foreign missions, 50, 661.50
CHIPPEWA.—Ashland, Mrs. E. Vaughn, 1,000.00
DETROIT.—Detroit, Jefferson Ave. Ch., 125; Memorial Ch., 20; Milford, 25; Norris, S. S., 5; Northville, 10; Ypsilanti, 20.50, 205.50
DULUTH.—Duluth, 2d, 6.20, Mission Brigade, 5.35, 11.55
FT. DODGE.—Bancroft, T. Addison Williams, birthday off., 5.00
FT. WAYNE.—Ft. Wayne, 1st, 13.55, S. S., 20.24, Mrs. D. B. Wells' Bible cl., 12.50; 2d, 4; Huntingdon, 5; Kendallville, 11.25; Lima, 9, 75.54
FREEPORT.—Freeport, 1st, 40.15; Galena, 1st, 13; South Ch., 6.15; Oregon, 9.79, Lend a Hand Bd., 2.06; Ridgefield, Willing Workers, 5; Rockford, Westminster Ch., 14; Woodstock, 5, 95.15
HASTINGS.—Edgar, 2.25; Hastings, 10.17, 12.42
HURON.—Clyde, 4.85; Fostoria, 13.34; Huron, 6.26; Milan, 5.82; Norwalk, 22.02; Republic, 1; Sandusky, 6.54, 59.83
INDIANAPOLIS.—Bloomington, 5, Gretta Holliday Bd., 2.50, S. S., 3; Franklin, 37.50, Miss Minnie Meggenhofen, 10; Greenwood, 10; Greencastle, 5; Hopewell, 13.95; Indianapolis, 1st, 100; 2d, 100; 4th, 3; 7th, 25, Y. L. S., 5; Memorial Ch., 7; Tabernacle Ch., 70; Southport. 3, S. S., 3, Busy Bees, 1.05; Whiteland, 3, 407.00
LANSING.—Battle Creek, 25; Brooklyn, two church members, 8.58, extra cent a day off., 1.34; Homer, No. 1, 25; No. 2, 3.30; Marshall, 10.50; Parma, 5, 78.72
LIMA.—St. Mary's, 12.00
LOGANSPORT.—Concord, 6.11; Crown Point, 16.55; La Porte, 30, Y. P. S. C. E., 4.35; Logansport, Broadway Ch., 25; Monticello, 5.50; Plymouth, 10.75; Valparaiso, 21.00; West Union, 40 cts., 120.56
MADISON.—Janesville, 25.63; Poynette, 6.50, 32.13
MANKATO.—Blue Earth, 10; Delhi, 24; Le Sueur, 12.50; Lu Verne, 11, Y. P. S. C. E., 4, 61.50
MATTOON.—Assumption, 3.75; Charleston, 23.55; Kansas, 4; Mattoon, 3; Paris, th. off., 72.15, McCord Bd., 39.50; Robinson, 13.25; Shelbyville, 25; Tower Hill, 5; th. off. at Presb. meeting, 8.75, coll., 8.82, 206.77
MILWAUKEE.—Milwaukee, Calvary Ch., 775; Immanuel Ch., 90; Ottawa, 1.69, 866.69
NEBRASKA.—Presb. off., 5.30; Auburn, 12.50; Beatrice, 20.50; Diller, 2.73; Hebron, 8.71; Hickman, 10; Lincoln, 1st, 35; Humboldt, 5,20; Nebraska City, 10.50; 2d, 17.50, Eastern Stars, 3.35; Plattsmouth, 10; Pawnee City, 4.05; Seward, 6; Table Rock, 5; Tecumseh, 25; Utica, 2.50; York, 6.20, Y. P. S. C. E., 10, 200.04
OTTAWA.—Aux Sable, 16.05; Plato Ch., 25, Helping Hands, 11; Streator, 10; Troy Grove, 5, 67.05
PEORIA.—Delavan, 14.50; Edwards Station, Miss S. A. Howath, 25; Low Point, 2.50; Sparland, 6, 48.00
PUEBLO.—Canon City, Y. P. S. C. E., 30; Monument, a friend to China, 24.25, 54.25
RED RIVER.—Angus, 9; Crookston, 7.10; Fergus Falls, 40.75; Fisher, 11; Hallock, 9.10; Moorhead, 33.50, 110.45
SAGINAW.—Alma, 3.55; Bay City, S. S., 62.50; Marsac St. Mission, Helping Hand Bd. of Y. P. S. C. E., 1.98; Midland, 10; West Bay City, Westminster Ch., 13.90, 91.93
ST. PAUL.—Howard Lake, 7; Minneapolis, Andrew Ch., 12; Bethlehem Ch., 17; Shiloh Ch., E. B. Caldwell Bd., 6.70; Westminster Ch., 63.95, Gleaners, 8; Fairview Chapel, 10.73; Red Wing, 18.75; St. Croix Falls, 9.21; St. Paul, 9th, 4.89; Arlington Hills Ch., 7; Dayton Ave. Ch., S. S., 33.32, 198.55
SPRINGFIELD.—Bates, 29,60; Decatur, 50; Divernon, 10; Greenview, 12.42; Jacksonville, Presb. Ch., 16; State St. Ch., 32.85; Lincoln, S. S., 2.23; Macon, 12.50; Maroa, 14; N. Sangamon Ch., 22.50; Petersburgh, 6.67, S. S. Bd., 15.27; Pisgah, 25; Springfield, 1st, 60.50, Y. L. B., 5; 2d, 30, 3d, 6.88; Unity Ch., 3.50, 354.92
UTAH.—Salt Lake City, 1st, 36.50
WINONA.—Chatfield, 7.70, Y. P. S. C. E., 37.38, 45.08
MISCELLANEOUS.—Income from real estate, 271.58; rent of hay land, 15; Indianapolis, Tabernacle Ch., Y. P. S. C. E., 25, 311.58

Total for month,	$5,479.01
Previously acknowledged,	21,470.67
Total from April 20,	$26,949.68

MRS. C. B. FARWELL, *Treas.*,
CHICAGO, Nov. 20, 1891. Room 48 McCormick Block.

Receipts of the Women's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church for November, 1891.

BINGHAMTON.—Binghamton, 1st, 87.50; Coventry, 2d, 8, 95.50
BOSTON, MASS.—Boston, Columbus Ave., Y. L. S., 24.50; Scotch, 4.50; Newburyport, 1st, 25; 2d, 8.34; Portland, Me., 2.50, Y. P. S. C. E., 17; Quincy, 18; Windham, N. H., 10, 109.84
BROOKLYN.—1st, 33.94; Franklin Ave., 5.53; Greene Ave., 5.83; Ross St., 25.46; 2d, 7.45; South Third St., 61.82; Trinity, Y. L. S., 10; Westminster, 18.94, 168.97
BUFFALO.—Buffalo, Calvary, Miss. Bd., 25; Central, 30; West Side, 5; Franklinville, coll., 3.12; Jamestown, S. S., 15; Sherman, 21, 99.12
CAYUGA.—Aurora, Wells College, 50; Cayuga, 9.50; Ithaca, 150; Sennett, Girls' Miss. Bd., 3, 212.50
HUDSON.—Chester, 16; Haverstraw, Central, 75; Middletown, 1st., 60; 2d, Soldiers of the King, 12.50; Monroe, 37, S. S., 20.75; Montgomery, Goodwill, 40; Ramapo, 24; Unionville, 10; Washingtonville, 25, 320.25
LYONS.—Clyde, S. S. Miss. Soc., 6.70; Lyons, Missionary Bees, 16.80, 23.50
NASSAU.—Hempstead, 34.20; Huntington, 1st, 10, Y. L. S., 30; 2d, 25; Newtown, 5; Oyster Bay, 6; Roslyn, 4.25, Miss. Bd., 3.25, 117.70
NEW YORK.—Fifth Ave., 600; Fourth, Pansy Soc., 35; Harlem, Helping Hand, 10; Madison Square, Y. L. Social Cir., 5; Mt. Washington Valley, 27.50; Seventh, Pansy Chain, 5; Washington Heights, 23.50; West End, 25; The Misses Judd, 20, 751.00
NIAGARA.—Albion, 13.18, p. off., 20; Barre Centre, 2.80; Carleton, p. off., 7; Knowlesville, 5, p. off., 5; Lewiston, 2.60, p. off., 4.90; Lockport, Calvary, p. off., 4; 1st, p. off., 33.75, Y. L. S., 25; 2d, p. off., 11.08; Niagara Falls, 10.88; Wilson, p. off., 6; Youngstown, Cheerful Workers, 6, 160.19
ROCHESTER.—Brighton, 8.90; Brockport, 15; Fowlerville, coll., 14.50; Groveland, 14.02, Y. L. S., 10; Lima, 13; Rochester, Brick, 150, Y. L. S., 32; Central, coll., 12.73; 1st, 50; North, 38.06; 3d, Y. L. S., 20; Sparta, 1st, 38; Webster, 15.50, 431.71
ST. LAWRENCE.—Potsdam, 30.00
WESTCHESTER.—Bridgeport, Ct., Hope Miss. Bd., 45; Mt. Vernon, 17.50; Patterson, 12.50; Peekskill, 1st & 2d, 45, Cheerful Workers, 5.25; Sing Sing, 20; South Salem, Ladies' Benevolent Ass'n, 76.10; Yonkers, Westminster, 25, 246.35
EBENEZER, KY.—Covington, Y. L. S., 20; Frankfort, 25; Lexington, 2d, union p. off., 37.25; Mt. Sterling, 5; Maysville, 25; Paris, p. off., 20, 132.25
TRANSYLVANIA, KY.—Lebanon, 1st, 5.00
MISCELLANEOUS.—Miss Anna R. Dashiell, 75; Union Springs, Mr. and Mrs. Padmore, 13.50, 88.50
LEGACY.—N. Y. City, Mrs. James M. Halsted, 10,000.00

Total,	$13,001.38
Total receipts since April 1, 1891,	29,192.84

MRS. C. P. HARTT, *Treas.*,
53 Fifth Ave., New York City.

MRS. J. A. WELCH, *Asst. Treas.*,
39 West Seventeenth St., New York City.

Receipts of Foreign Fund of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Southwest for November, 1891.

EMPORIA.—Belle Plain, 5.50
HIGHLAND.—Hiawatha, 8.75; Holton, 3; Troy, Y. P. S. C. E., 2.50, 14.25
KANSAS CITY.—Kansas City, Mo., 1st Ch., S. S. M. S., 48.80
NEOSHO.—Cherryvale, 5.60; Garnett, 4; Humboldt, 25; Iola, 6.50; Moran, 2.31, King's Band, 2.79; Parsons, 8.13, Y. L. S., 30; Pittsburg, 20.36, Colony B'd, 3; Princeton, 12, B'd, 10; Ottawa, 5.75, S. S., 2.71, 138.15
OZARK.—Mt. Vernon, 2.50
PALMYRA.—Hannibal, 50; Moberly, 4.19; New Providence, 13, 67.19
ST. LOUIS.—St. Louis, 2d Ch., S. S., 300.00
TEXAS, NORTH.—Denison, 46.11, Y. P. S. C. E., 14.85; Fort Davis, 50cts., 20.02
TOPEKA.—Baldwin, 5.65, Y. P. M. S., 7.11; Clay Center, Willing Workers, 5; Junction City, Y. P. S. C. E., 11; Kansas City, Grandview Park Ch., 11.25, Missionary Sunbeams, 15; Perry, 5; Sharon Ch., 2.70, Y. L. B., 5.35; Topeka, 1st Y. L. M. S., 20; 2d Ch., 5; Westminster Ch., 3.80, 96.86
MISCELLANEOUS.—Meeting of Synod of Ind. Ter., 5.00

Total for month,	$698.27

MISS JENNIE MCGINTIE, *Treas.*,
4134 Cook Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

In Brightest Asia. By HENRY C. MABIE, D.D. (W. G. Corthell, Tremont Temple, Boston.)

Dr. Mabie is a recently appointed secretary of the Baptist Missionary Union, and his book is the outgrowth of a year's travel among their missions in Asia. Besides interesting general information, much that is personal to individual missionaries and stations is frankly told here, so that the reader feels on intimate terms with them. Profusely illustrated.

The Cruise of the Mystery in McAll Mission Work. By LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON. (American Tract Society.) Illustrated. 410 pages. Price, $1.25.

Upon a thread of fiction the writer has, with excellent judgment and in attractive style, hung a great many facts of the McAll Mission work, presented graphic pictures of it and quoted literally the suggestive expressions of inquirers. The book will interest, inform, stimulate Christian faith and call out money for the boat, in whose interest it has been written.

Princess Dandelion's Secret. By MARTHA BURR BANKS. (D. D. Merrill Company, St. Paul, Minn.) Price, $1.00.

The intention of the writer seems to be to cleverly introduce a missionary story to those who ordinarily do not read such. It is about a child but not suitable for children. Cover and illustrations very tasteful.

The American Board Almanac. Price, 10 cents, postpaid; $1.00 per dozen. (Ordered from Chas. E. Swett, 1 Somerset St., Boston.)

Contains general information on missions. Always reliable, useful, convenient, handsome.

Muzrakli; or, *The Mohammedan's Religion, Family and Children.* By A. M. ASADOORIAN Oberlin, O.

The Indian Female Evangelist, for 1891. 194 pp., *cloth.* Price 2s. Send to 2 Adelphi Terrace, London.

Do Foreign Missions Pay? A sermon by REV. HARLEY J. STEWARD, D.D. (Geo. P. Houston, 105 Longworth street, Cincinnati, O.)

The following are not missionary in character:

With Scrip and Staff: A Tale of the Children's Crusade. By ELIA W. PEATTIE. (Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.) 182 pp. Illustrated. Price, $1.00.

A delightful book adapted to young people and quite suggestive for Band leaders. Cover and letter-press very attractive.

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There are now in progress discussions of Our Pension System; Prison Management; The Training of Preachers; The Louisiana Lottery; The Next Step in the Tariff Agitation; Are Modern Educational Methods a Failure?

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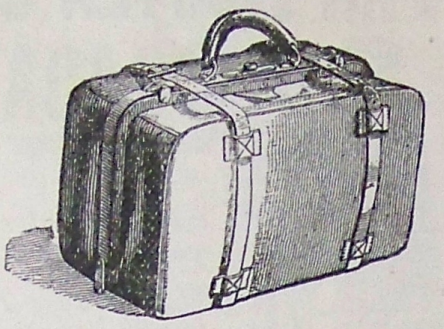

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